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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE "Times" has exploded a mine under the Irish administration. It has revealed the fact that twenty-six Auxiliary Cadets, attached to the N Company of the R.I.C., were tried by Brigadier-General Crozier, the Commandant of the Division, and dismissed by him for wholesale, organized looting (they are alleged to have stolen wine, fowls, pictures, and money), and their leaders remanded for court-martial. It further stated that General Tudor, the Chief of the Police, approved this verdict. The dismissed men then went to London, saw General Tudor, and protested against their dismissal without trial. Whereupon General Tudor sent them back to their company and softened their dismissal to suspension. Thus affronted, General Crozier (an Ulsterman, by the way) resigned, on the specific ground that General Tudor's attitude had made his position "impossible," that he considered theft on the part of policemen (*i.e.*, on the part of thief-takers) to be "unpardonable," and that he could not "honestly" associate himself with "a force in which such acts are condoned."

THESE charges proved to be true. But Sir Hamar Greenwood, in admitting them, offered a version of them which we hope will be probed to the bottom. In his letter to General Crozier, General Tudor asked for the "suspension" rather than the dismissal of these men, because he wanted to discuss the matter with the Chief Secretary. He wrote this on February 14th. On February 23rd, Sir Hamar Greenwood declared that he had never seen these letters, and that the whole affair was unknown to him. Strange: for the "Times" asserts that General Tudor had, meantime, been in consultation with the Cabinet. Stranger still: Sir Hamar announced that these Cadets had been sent back to Ireland because General Tudor did not think dismissal punishment enough for looting, which makes nonsense of General Crozier's resignation and protest. The "Times" states that no disciplinary code has ever been drawn up for these Auxiliaries, though the force has been in existence for months. Which is exactly what we should expect to hear.

THE Government got a bad division and a worse debate out of Captain Wedgwood Benn's amendment to the Address; but what was most remarkable was the changed attitude of the House towards Sir Hamar Greenwood, and the silence of the Ministerialists. Only

one member of the party, Mr. Inskip, offered a defence of the Government's Irish policy, and he declared that if Sinn Fein would stop its campaign of murder, he was ready to abandon his Unionism and "go any length in giving Ireland the government which she may demand from this House or this nation." We think that Sinn Fein should consider such a tender; proceeding, as it does, from a spirit that dies down with every act of Irish violence, and revives with the tale of the following reprisal. Unfortunately the Government impede every such process of reconciliation, the Lord Chancellor replying to the Primate's plea for a resumption of law and order with the remark that the Irish mischiefs could not be cured by the "sublime admonitions of the Sermon on the Mount," but rather by "force in its extreme and rigorous assertion." To do him justice, the Primate did not plead for applying the Sermon on the Mount to Ireland, but only that the Government should regularize their breaches of it.

ABOMINABLE, if true, is the description extorted from the Chief Secretary of the murder of Patrick Kennedy and James Murphy in Clonturk Park. Since our reference last week to the facts and to the usual initial conflict of testimony between the Castle authorities and civilian spectators, Mr. Devlin has read to the House of Commons an affidavit of Joseph Murphy, brother of one of the murdered men, and two members and one ex-member of the Crown forces have been arrested on a charge of murder. The affidavit of Joseph Murphy is the account given him by his murdered brother. It describes the arrest of the murdered men, their satisfactory examination at the Castle, and their discharge after curfew. According to the affidavit the officer in charge handed them over to some soldiers who were to take them home in a lorry:—

"Instead of bringing my brother to his lodgings the military drove the motor lorry to Clonturk Park. . . . They halted the motor lorry near a field where there was unused and derelict ground. They took my brother and Patrick Kennedy out of the motor lorry, brought them into the field, put old tin cans over their heads, put them against the wall, and fired a number of shots at them. I believe Patrick Kennedy was killed almost instantaneously. My brother was hit through the tin can in his mouth, on the left cheek, on the right cheek, and through the breast. Having done this, they left them and went away."

If James Murphy had not lived long enough to give this account of himself, there would have been no explanation of these deaths, save, maybe, an official suggestion that the men were shot by a Sinn Fein murder gang, or, if the facts permitted it, on failing to answer a challenge, or in trying to escape. Cases like this are naturally rare where witnesses survive. There was another instance in the matter of the murder of Canon Magner. We may be excused for believing that this form of activity on the part of members of Crown forces is not wholly confined to cases in which the murderers have incompletely carried through their work.

At its first meeting in St. James's Palace the Supreme Council reached two eminently sensible decisions about Silesia. The *plébiscite* is to be held on March 20th, and the outvoters (mostly Germans) are to vote with the resident population, and not separately.

Secondly, four British battalions are to join the present Allied garrison (which is almost exclusively French) in order to ensure a vote free from violence. It is to be hoped that these decisions do not come too late. The accounts of French partiality towards the Poles have been precise and persistent, and several British officers have resigned by way of protest. The Polish threat to massacre the German outvoters may already have done its work, for less than half the expected number have registered. It is hardly likely that there will be a big majority either way, and the task of interpreting the vote may be as difficult as the task of taking it. The other pending *plébiscite*, under the League of Nations in the Vilna area, seems to be completely held up by the refusal of the Polish General Zeligowsky to evacuate the territory which he has occupied.

* * *

THE Supreme Council has no easy task in dealing with the Turco-Greek problem. The Greeks opened the proceedings with a military report in which they professed themselves able to advance indefinitely against the forces of the Angora Government. General Gouraud took a much more serious view, however, of the strength of the Turks, and is said to have impressed the Council. The Turks kept the Council waiting a day, while they partially composed their differences. The result seems to be that both the Constantinopolitans and the Angorans have united in a frontal attack on the Treaty all along the line. They opened with an adroit statement of general principles difficult to combat, somewhat in the manner of Trotsky at Brest-Litovsk. When they came to apply these plausible generalities, it turned out that they claimed both Eastern Thrace and Smyrna, objected to the neutral zone along the Straits, and challenged both the military and the financial control of the Allies. They may obtain something, but the French, preoccupied with the German problem, are no longer so intent as they were in opposing the British defence of the unmodified Treaty of Sèvres. There may be some compromise, but will it avail to end the "rebellion" of the Angorans?

* * *

It is much to be hoped that the Emir Feisal will be admitted to the Conference. Considering that we promised his father, through the mouth of the High Commissioner of Egypt, a great Arab kingdom, that we have never redeemed our promise, that the French have dispossessed him of what he had, and that he, nevertheless, remained our faithful ally, the right to plead his cause would seem to be the least part of the measure of justice that we owe him. There is some hope that his case will be fairly considered, for Colonel Lawrence has now been attached to Mr. Churchill's new department, and Colonel Lawrence's view of the Arab claim is well known. The opposition to King Hussein has always been French, and we note that the "Times," in an article of markedly French inspiration, denounces his Government as bad and incompetent. At all events, the Emir's personal conduct has been a model of dignity and patience. He has retorted neither on France, which deposed him, nor on Britain, which may fairly be held to have deserted him. He only asks us to keep faith. Is that an opportunity? It would be a singularly dishonorable act to treat it so.

THE Middle East, while the Conference sits, is in a state of violent flux. The Persian news is barely intelligible, but it seems that immediately after the formation of a new Cabinet under the Sipahdar, who is more or less pro-Moscovite, as the Shah is pro-English, a force of Persian Cossacks occupied Teheran and carried out a *coup d'état*. These Cossacks used to be the chosen Tsarist tool, and were quite lately under "White" Russian officers, but they are now said to be Nationalist, and therefore presumably more or less "Red." Nothing is clear save the extreme instability of Mid-Eastern politics. The same moral emerges from events in the Trans-Caucasus. Georgia, it seems, took advantage of the Turkish invasion of Armenia to occupy a province of the tiny Armenian Republic. From this a "Red" Armenian Army, with some Russian backing, drove them, and was pressing on towards Tiflis, evidently in the hope of making all Georgia forcibly "Red." Meanwhile, however, the Armenian Nationalists rose in Erivan, while the Red Armenians were absent, and "Whitened" its Government. One awaits the next of these tragi-comic surprises.

* * *

MR. CHURCHILL'S proposed visit to Cairo is naturally a subject for alarm. Though it is decided that our new "Bashaw" will not have charge of Egypt, which is attached to the Foreign Office, the Egyptians are hardly likely to believe this, when they see him among them. They will take his arrival as a proof that they are to be classed with the "Colonies." Far more serious is the intimation to Parliament that this visit is a step towards the definition of our responsibilities in Mesopotamia, with which the House will presently be confronted as a settled policy, with the estimates that arise from it. It turns out that our forces in Mesopotamia (including a small body in Persia) amount to 220,000 men. As the whole population of Mesopotamia is only about two millions, the basis of force behind our rule is terrifying. Even this House is restive; no more unpopular adventure has ever been undertaken in our history. Moreover, it has been met by Mr. Bonar Law's absolute repudiation of its historic right of financial control. The drain is to go on without any Parliamentary sanction, or any presentation of an Estimate. As this is entirely unconstitutional, the House would be entitled in right and duty to throw out the Supplementary Estimate when presented. Why not do it? It would be an excellent test of the sincerity of anti-wastrelism. The House would have the whole country behind it. And it would have put a bit in the wastrels' mouth.

* * *

THE adjourned Joint Labor Conference on Wednesday was concerned almost entirely with far-reaching questions of policy. The issue was put quite candidly by the leaders. The Government had ignored the proposals of the preceding Conference. In these circumstances what was to be done? Three alternatives—the continuance of Parliamentary and educational action, a general strike, and a one-day "protest strike"—had been suggested. The Labor Party Executive, the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress, and the Parliamentary Labor Party, agreed on a joint recommendation in favor of Parliamentary action and education. The other alternatives were stated only to be dismissed. The freshest contribution to the discussion was that of Mr. Herbert Morrison, who suggested that the time had come for the party to stop wobbling between this policy and that, and to follow one course wholeheartedly. Mr. Clynes argued, with force, that the statement in the King's Speech, that unemployment could not be remedied by legislation

would, if it were true, justify industrial action, and Mr. Thomas followed with a vehement repudiation of the doctrine. In his view Parliament alone was competent to deal with the problem. This is now the Labor policy.

* * *

In the debate on the Amending Bill to the Unemployment Insurance Act on Wednesday, the Government, through Dr. Macnamara, set down very clearly the limits of their financial concession. The increased benefit is to remain at 18s. per week for men and 15s. for women. All the Labor members protested against this grant as inadequate, and some supporters of the Government, including Mr. Barnes, would have liked to see it increased to at least twenty shillings. Dr. Macnamara firmly argued that the increase proposed would absorb by the end of July next year fifteen out of the twenty millions which accumulated in the unemployment insurance reserve fund during the war, and that he must keep something in hand with which to begin the year after that date. Apart from the increased benefit, the new Bill provides, briefly, that ex-service men who have ten weeks' employment to their credit since December, 1919, and civilian workers who have been employed for twenty weeks in the same period, will be entitled to sixteen weeks' benefit on the new scale between now and the end of October, and to a further sixteen weeks' benefit, if necessary, between that date and the end of July, 1922. Thenceforth normal conditions, under which benefit will be payable up to 26 weeks in each year, will be established. The debate kept closely to the question of the adequacy or inadequacy of the benefit. But Mr. J. H. Thomas and Mr. Tom Shaw pleaded for a broader policy, both as regards relief and the provision of work, as a check on Bolshevism.

* * *

THE debate did not touch on one issue which is inevitably raised by it. The appeal for political action was based chiefly on the ground that until the Government is shaken out of office, it will be impossible to carry a progressive policy on unemployment. But no one was bold enough to suggest that under existing conditions the Labor Party alone can turn out the Government. The recommendation in the resolution that a Labor candidature should be promoted in every constituency was accepted without a question as to the possibility of success in all the new three-cornered contests which this policy will bring about. It is difficult to imagine any decision which could give more satisfaction to the Coalition organizers. So far as can be ascertained, there is no inclination on the part of the Labor leaders to reconsider the question of an electoral accommodation, even a tacit one, with Liberals prepared to adopt a progressive industrial and economic policy. It must be realized that this attitude means futility. No one, of course, proposes any form of union. All that is suggested is a policy of mutual accommodation in seats, with, maybe, an agreement limited to the purpose of turning out the Government and working together for a defined period to carry through a specified programme. The useful discussions at the Nottingham meeting of the Liberal Federation show the need for a general restatement and review of the whole position.

* * *

LORD GREY is not apt to be alarmist, but his speech on Tuesday to the National Liberal Club contained a grave warning about Anglo-American relations. One did not dispose, he said, of the danger of war "by calling it unthinkable and inconceivable." It was both,

"but that did not make it certain that it might not happen." A great deal of disquieting information, one supposes, must have lain behind that very plain warning. It reaches us all by private channels, and the danger cannot be met by concealment. Lord Grey went on to explain that the Japanese Alliance cannot by its terms involve us in war with America. That, of course, is the plain truth. But one hardly disposes of the Alliance in this way. Against whom is it directed? Not against Germany or against Russia. Their sea-power is at an end. What then is its purpose? If it is meaningless, why renew it? It was never popular here. It is disliked in the Dominions. It feeds anti-British feeling in the States. It ties our hands in preserving China from aggression. What is its positive merit? Alliances in any event are a subtle threat to the whole idea of the League. It is good news in this connection that Mr. Hughes will be Mr. Harding's Secretary of State, for he is the candidate of the Liberals in the Republican Party. But other nominations are less reassuring. It will not be in the main a Liberal Cabinet.

* * *

THE elections for the Prussian State Diet show that the political tendencies which declared themselves in last year's elections for the Reichstag still persist. Both extremes are gaining at the expense of the more moderate parties. The heaviest loss falls upon the Democrats, whose following is evidently deserting them for the German People's Party, which is simply the old National Liberal Party under a new name. It is the party of the big industrialists: its real leader is Herr Stinnes, and it may owe much of its success to his purchases of influential newspapers. It has increased its representation from 18 to 57, while the Democratic figure has fallen from 61 to 26. The Extreme Left now numbers 30 Communists and 28 Independents against a former total of 24 Independents and no Communists. The downright monarchist Junker and Agrarian Party (German Nationalists) has also registered a most unwelcome gain (from 41 to 73). The Catholic Centre is, as usual, practically unchanged (with 90), but the Majority Socialists have evidently lost what the Extreme Left has gained, for their numbers have fallen from 142 to 113. These figures tell their own tale so clearly that little comment is needed. The belief in a reasonable, moderate world, in the ideology of the League of Nations, in Liberalism or in Evolutionary Socialism is weakening. The reaction and the revolution profit about equally. The Allies are hammering Germany into hardness.

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THE writer of last week's article on the Railway agreement desires to correct an error in his statement as to the payment agreed to be made in respect of Railway stores which were in stock in August, 1914, and are still in stock at the end of the period of control. This payment would be, not of the difference between the actual cost of those stores and what they would cost now ("replacement value"), but of the difference between the book values at which they stood at August 5th, 1914, and "the book values now ruling" in respect of them. The "cash payment" to be made, to the amount of this difference, would constitute, *pro tanto*, equally as would that in respect of the shortages of stores which are to be paid for at "replacement values," a gratuitous bonus addition to the working capital of the companies, indemnifying them for conditions rightly attributable, as Mr. W. Graham puts it, "to war circumstances in general, as distinguished from effects directly attributable to control."

Politics and Affairs.

THE OBSESSION OF STRATEGY.

Two years and a quarter have passed since the Great War came to an end, and the Supreme Council is this week surveying its work in the East. The West is far from presenting an exhilarating spectacle. It shows widespread misery, a lowered standard of life, an approach to bankruptcy in many, if not in most, of the former belligerent States, deep discontent, and some plotting, now of revolution and again of reaction. But at least there are recognized authorities. The frontiers are drawn, the Treaties are ratified, and though the dictatorship of the Supreme Council may be repugnant to the moral sense of most of the populations who obey it, its writ runs, and for the time being it is obeyed.

That is not the case in the East. The Treaty of Sèvres is not yet ratified. A sulky and protesting assent to it has been extorted from the Constantinople Government, but it represents no one save the Allies who have nominated it. The capital is entirely isolated from the Turkish provinces. Western Asia Minor is in the military occupation of the Greeks; Anatolia is in the hands of the "rebel" Nationalists, who are prepared and probably able to defy the Allies and ignore their Treaty indefinitely. The French have been assigned an economic monopoly in Cilicia, and the Italians have on paper similar privileges in Adalia. Neither of them desire, however, to assume any political responsibility for these provinces, and both of them dread the inevitable military commitments. Even the prospective riches of Syria do not wholly reconcile the French to the burden of their "mandate" there, which the Syrian population rejects, and at least passively resists. Our own status and intentions in Mesopotamia are equally nebulous. The "rebellion" has been repressed, or is at any rate dormant. But not even Mr. Churchill would dare to defend in public the permanent employment there of the quarter of a million troops which this mandate costs us. Some retrenchment or even retirement is promised. But what the alternative is to conquest and direct rule, no man can say.

Outside the limits of Turkey, the outlook is no better. No one exactly knows whether Armenia and Georgia are at the moment Soviet States, or in some condition of flux, transition, and war. But in any event their destinies seem to depend solely on the will of Moscow. Persia changes her Government continually, and the changes appear to hang on the movements of Red levies, the British force, and the Persian Cossacks, which always avoid a decisive issue, and alternately push the central "Government" (if such a thing exists) into the orbit of London or Moscow, and out of it again. Armenian exiles remind us from time to time that their race is still in being, and endeavor vainly to recall to our consciences the failure of the Allies to affect the most hideous tragedy of Eastern history. Bulgaria is equally ignored. She sits quietly under the sentence, and one can only say that, sooner or later, we shall probably live to regret that we forgot her interests and her rights.

It would be rash to prophesy, but on the whole we do not expect any big or organic resettlement from this meeting of the Supreme Council. The French, indeed, desire it, but their thoughts are busied with Europe. M. Briand seems to be securing himself in office by avoiding any overt offence to the fatal views of M. Poincaré and his school. The French mind is, apparently, absorbed in arranging the various "sanctions" and coercions which are to be applied to Germany when she fails to promise,

or to furnish, the impossible indemnity. The militarists are talking of the early occupation of the Ruhr, or even of a march to Munich, and the alliance with Poland has been tightened up, probably with an eye to the coercion of Germany, rather than to a renewed invasion of Russia. France, in short, is concentrating her ambitions, and if she has to choose, she prefers to make the most of her military hegemony in Europe, which is her guarantee for the German tribute, and to retrench in the East. One assumes, then, that she will not seriously embarrass Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Curzon in their Eastern policy, provided they will give her a free hand against Germany. That is, perhaps, the worst of all possible postures of affairs for European civilization. The chances are, then, that the Treaty of Sèvres will not be seriously modified.

We cannot discover that British policy has any constructive plans whatever for the East. Its interests are concentrated and local, partly strategic and partly economic. It perceives the importance of the two naval keys to world-power, the Suez Canal and the Straits. It has, therefore, set up a predominantly British occupation at Constantinople, and secured itself in Palestine and Cyprus, as well as in Egypt. Its relations with Greece are evidently unaffected by any sympathy or antipathy which it may feel for M. Venizelos and King Constantine. The solid fact about the Greeks is that they possess many islands and harbors useful to a sea-Power. Provided their territorial ambitions are gratified, they can be employed as a serviceable auxiliary force on land, a sort of marine light infantry, attached to our Navy. In Mesopotamia and Persia the strategic and economic motives unite. Both have oil-wells, and both are regarded by large strategic thinkers as stations on the road to India. Our policy is comparatively positive and luminous, wherever it touches an island, a strait, a canal, a coast-line, or an oil-field. It takes full account of the Greeks, a maritime people. The moment one quits the sea and advances inland our policy becomes hazy, negative, uncertain. It seems to ignore the Turkish interior altogether. Whether the Treaty of Sèvres can be enforced, whether Anatolia remains a derelict and outlawed land, whether Mustafa Kemal rebels or submits, is from this point of view a matter of indifference. Whether any Armenians survive, and, if so, how and under what *régime*, is equally indifferent. As for the Bulgarians, they are not a maritime people, and consequently seem less useful than the Greeks. That is the logic of the new strategic-economic Imperialism. It believes in ships, and in oil to run the ships. Nothing else exists for it. One can in this way assure power to oneself. But to what end? As we ignore the rights, the needs, the interests of other peoples, as we forget the mission of civilization in these dim interiors, as we close our ears to the cry of wronged and martyred peoples, the justification for the possession of power disappears. We are sapping Empire, while we fortify it.

This strategical thinking, by narrowing our concerns and excluding any constructive view of the needs of Turkey as a whole, has given us the impossible Treaty of Sèvres, which we cannot impose and will not revise. There is grave reason to fear that it is bent also on wrecking the Milner Settlement in Egypt. Lord Milner's report has indeed been published, but it comes as the commentary on his resignation, and all the indications are that he has left the Cabinet because the Cabinet refused to complete his work. In its main lines we believe that Lord Milner's report has sketched the only rational solution of the Egyptian question. The real interests of the Empire are very amply secured by the conception of an alliance which binds Egypt to subordinate her foreign policy to ours, by the provision for

the maintenance of a British force in Egypt to guard the Canal, and by the arrangements which make us the protector of all foreigners in Egypt. Lord Palmerston used to say about Egypt that it was like an inn on the coach-road from York to London. One wanted to be sure that one could always get a chop there, but for that end one did not need to own the inn. In Lord Milner's scheme the safeguards are so adequate that some might well think them excessive. They leave, in reality, to the Egyptians only autonomy in their own local affairs, and even into these a big wedge is driven by our right to concern ourselves with legislation and taxation applicable to foreigners. As for the status of an independent ally accorded to Egypt, that is a tactful and polite way of disguising the real fact of subordination in external policy. The scheme as we read it means that the Protectorate is rather limited and defined than abolished, but the limitation leaves to Egypt a very real and precious measure of self-government. She is her own mistress to govern, tax, and educate herself: she is not free to run counter to our interests in the world of policy beyond the Delta. That is only to make explicit what is implicit in the relative strength of the two partners. In this very dangerous world no small State is "independent" save on the tacit understanding that it must not thwart Great Powers. We entirely agree with the Egyptians, however, in thinking that after the limitations on independence have been so clearly defined, the word "protectorate" should be dropped. A precise contract is to replace a vague, dictatorial relationship. If the subordination of one partner is clearly defined, it ought also to be made clear that the predominant "ally" has no general and undefined right as "protector" to exceed the very large prerogatives which are to be specified in the Treaty.

Lord Milner, in his covering report, laid stress on two conditions for the reconciliation of Egypt. They were that in adopting his settlement the Government must avoid the two pitfalls of "delay" and "timorous restrictions." One fears that it is about to disregard his advice in both particulars. It has not yet made up its own mind upon a set of proposals which were laid before it in a memorandum dated August 18th. Mr. Lloyd George will not even pledge himself to take them as a "basis" of settlement. He awaits the opinion of the Dominions, and that can hardly be obtained before June, when the Imperial Conference meets. It may be well to consult the Dominions about Egypt, a subject in which they can have little interest or knowledge. *But why is it that their voice is not sought about Ireland, which concerns all of them deeply?* Finally, the reference to India is ominous, because Anglo-Indian opinion is known to dread concessions to Egypt which go beyond anything yet offered to India. "Delay" there has been, and there will be more. The "timidity" may go to the length of rejecting the whole scheme, or whittling it down to nothing.

For that the only assignable reason is some vague strategic fear of what enemy we know not. It is one of the strangest fates that could befall a great Empire that, in the hour of victory, almost of omnipotence, it risks its own moral basis for the sake of greater security from perils which none could name. For who threatens, who can threaten us in Egypt, by sea or even by land? This strategic obsession creates in Egypt, as in Ireland, the only danger that our Empire need fear—the anger, the mistrust, the disaffection of their populations. For good or for ill, Lord Milner's report has achieved at least this measure of success. It has made it impossible to govern Egypt on any terms less generous. No less liberal solution is workable, and can obtain the consent of the

people. It may be Mr. George's ambition so to govern the Empire that there shall be two Irelands where there was only one before. Under such burdens and not from foreign dangers great Empires sink.

THE LOSS OF THE BRITISH TRADITION.

Most observers of Monday's attack on the Irish administration of Mr. Lloyd George will be struck by one singular characteristic of the defence. The Government made no attempt to repel the moral and political indictment of their policy. With one exception, Mr. de Valera's accusation of the violation of women, Sir Hamar Greenwood allowed every specific atrocity alleged against his irregulars to go by default. This seems astonishing, but it is true.

Take first, the accusation of violating the usages of civilized war, as laid down by The Hague Convention. Captain Wedgwood Benn adduced four such violations—the taking and exposure of hostages, the infliction of penalties on the population for offences for which they were not responsible, the destruction of public property in revenge for private offences, and the seizure of private property when not demanded by the necessities of war. Sir Hamar allowed every one of these grave charges to pass. He was equally dumb before specific stories of misconduct. A County Court Judge stated, from the Bench, that in County Clare alone 139 criminal offences had been committed by the forces of the Crown. The Irish Secretary offered no denial or palliation of any one of these crimes. It was affirmed that the officers of the Crown donned civilian clothes in order the more freely to commit murder in them. Sir Hamar Greenwood did not deny it. He was told, on the authority of Cardinal Logue, that a certain encampment of Black-and-Tans was a "nest of bandits and homicides." He did not dispute the description. He was confronted with his admission that Cork City had been given to the flames by his auxiliaries, and told by Lord Robert Cecil that he dared not publish the military report on that crime because he feared for its effect on the maintenance of law. No Minister rose to repel the suggestion. He was reminded of his denial of responsibility for the burning of the creameries, of his fiction on the incendiarism in Cork. He had no explanation to offer. Crimes against obviously innocent people—such as aged women and children—the murder of clergy, insults to high-placed Irishmen, instances of burglary, highway robbery, and petty theft on the part of Auxiliaries and Black-and-Tans, and a state of widespread riot and indiscipline, were recited in detail. The only remedial measure that the Irish Secretary could recall was the dismissal or the unspecified punishment of fourteen men. He was told that his government was a failure, and that for one Sinn Féin outrage committed in 1919, fifteen were committed in 1920. He alleged a fictitious improvement in Ireland, only to confess that the Sinn Féin campaign was "extending" to this country. He was asked for a policy other than one of force. He had none to suggest, though, as he blustered a little less than usual and whined a little more, it may be inferred that his view of the Irish situation is not a rosy one. But on one point he was clear. There must be "no surrender." The Government would go on "fighting the assassins." Otherwise they would destroy the Empire.

Now it is useless to ask men like Sir Hamar Greenwood what kind of an Empire it is that "fights the assassin" by imitating and outdoing him. It did not

use to be the British Empire; at least we were hopeful that it had shown no such face to the world, even in Ireland, for 120 years, until Mr. George came to govern it. If, indeed, after seven hundred years of association with her, it has only succeeded in filling Ireland with the fury of hate and England with the fury of revenge, it would seem either to have lit on most intractable human material, or to be itself something of a fraud and a failure in the way of Empires. Now this it is not. It has done quite well in every part of its wide possessions where its method happens to be the reverse of that which it has pursued in Ireland, and latterly in India. Must we then conclude that the governing Briton, pursuing his blameless path, has at length hit on a piece of human nature given up to incurable depravity? Are the Irish as bad as Louis XIV. thought the Huguenots to be, or Bomba the insurgent Italians? We do not say so when we use them to sing or to play to us, to recruit our armies, or to people and govern our Dominions. We dare not say so to America, for if we did, she would chase our envoy from Washington. Then why on earth cannot we confess the truth? Why not admit that in the case of the British government of Ireland we have committed one of the most fearful mistakes in history; that in using the sweepings of our army to crush her by any means, foul or fair, we have behaved like barbarians and fools; and that in outraging the soil, the religion, the institutions, and the character of the Irish as we have done during the last four months, we have half-ruined our own?

The reason, we suppose, is that our present Government have lost track of the way in which sensible ruling Englishmen are accustomed to run the free portions of the Empire. Mr. Bonar Law gave a characteristic example of this complete loss of the British tradition. Last year, he said, a friend of his brought an Irish doctor from Southern Ireland to report on the state of the country so far as he had observed it. He declared it to be "perfectly peaceable." Mr. Law expressed surprise. "It is peaceable," added the Irish doctor, "because there is no opposition to Sinn Féin. Whatever they ask is given; they are the rulers of the country." Mr. Law added that he thought this was far more serious than anything else that could happen in regard to the government of Ireland. Yet, how does it differ from a description of the home life of South Africa or Canada? Leave Irishmen to govern Irishmen, and you produce a "perfectly peaceable" Ireland. Get Englishmen to force her under alien rule, and you produce the hell which Mr. Law finds to be more tolerable than a state of "perfect" social tranquillity. Nothing happened to the Empire while Ireland remained in this condition of peace. It functioned much as usual; while Ireland, under Sinn Féin law, presented a spectacle of great interest and no little moral attraction. But in any case this brief breathing space won from Irish strife against our rule yielded absolute proof that we hold Ireland by brute force, that is to say, by the denial of the right to self-government, which we assert to be the key to our foreign and Imperial policy. Suppose that Sir Hamar is right, and that Ireland is determinedly separatist. Certainly we treat her as such, for, as Mr. Chesterton says, we invade her just as the Germans invaded Belgium. But if that is the case, we hold her by no bond that we dare maintain for an hour in any Congress of our allies. We trample our own law underfoot, as did Shelley's figure of Anarchy, and demoralize ourselves and the Irish together, till the two nations look at each other with the face of lost souls in the pit. And yet one of the men most responsible for this blot on Christendom finds the disgusting struggle more com-

forting than the vision of a tranquil, satisfied Ireland, ruled by her sons in the way that seems good to her.

Surely there is enough sense left in political England to bring this caricature of a policy to an end. An Irish Republic? We doubt whether Ireland wants it, and still more, whether, having got it, she could or would interpret her new liberty in a spirit essentially different from that of the Irish Australian. But if she did, is there any moral or physical evil with which Ireland in independence might conceivably threaten the British Empire worse than the injury she does us to-day by merely presenting the world with a picture of our existing behavior to her? We daren't even confess this behavior to ourselves. Sir Hamar Greenwood hinted that Mr. Asquith was no patriot for presenting a fraction of the truth about the British government of Ireland. THE NATION is censored in Egypt, lest the Egyptians, having their own quarrel with Imperialism, should get a passing glimpse of it. We may leave out of account, if we will, the reaction of such conduct on the spiritual stuff of the British people. But there must be few British Ambassadors, or agents, or journalists in foreign parts who could not tell a story of how, from Panama to Siberia, and in every busy haunt and secluded refuge of men, the story of our disgrace penetrates, and weakens the arm of England. There stands the quarrel. The Government in both Houses have declared their design to pursue it to the bitter end, and to use force, and only force, in their dealings with Ireland. We think that an extraordinary effort should be made by Labor and Liberalism to stop them.

WANTED, AN ELECTORAL ARRANGEMENT.

A GENERAL ELECTION may be hastened or postponed. But whenever it comes, it will come as a thief in the night. The moment chosen by Mr. George will be that of the maximum strength of his own position, and the minimum of that of all his opponents. Mr. George will be quite content with a reduced majority, so long as he can keep his own personal following. If he can carry on with a reduced majority, he will not care if, in fact, he represents a minority of the voters. Some optimists declare that no Government can carry on in such a minority, and that the strain of it would break Parliamentary Government. But Mr. George cares nothing for the strain, and has a contempt for Parliamentary Government. He believes that, in the lack of it, there would be conflict between direct action and dictatorship. He believes that dictatorship would beat direct action, and that he would be dictator.

The alternative to this vision rests entirely with the Liberal and the Labor Parties. If they do not want the minority to rule, they must make arrangements and accommodations to ensure that the majority shall rule. Such arrangements cannot be made at the eleventh hour before an election, because by that time each side has a candidate in the field in most constituencies, eager to fight all comers. The candidates will not withdraw, and their supporters will not let them. And if they do withdraw, bitterness replaces possible support. Anything like fusion between Labor and Liberal at the present time is obviously impossible, and, if possible, doubtfully desirable. Anything like detailed agreement on the whole principles and practice of internal social policy seems also impossible. The question of agreeing on what a Government

should do in a Parliament in which Liberal and Labor together had a majority is both possible and desirable. But it must be left to negotiations between them when such a majority is obtained. The present conditions ensure not only that neither shall have a majority, but that both together shall never have one.

And yet there is no doubt that by arrangements made for one election only to counteract the evil effect of the one-membered system, such a majority could be secured. There is no doubt either that the great majority of both parties, including the leaders, desire that such a majority should be obtained. For if this happened, the evil effects of the one-membered system could be swept away for ever. But apart from any variation in social ideals, the new element in a situation which has always been difficult is daily exhibiting the need for an electoral arrangement. This new element is driving Liberal and Labor together. On peace and justice in Ireland, on peace and trade with Russia, on the restoration of Europe, Labor and Liberal have a common policy, as they have also on such older questions as Free Trade. On British policy in Ireland alone it would seem that an arrangement should be made. For it is evident that Ireland will never settle the question with the present Government. It will never forgive the reign of terror nor the men who made it. And therefore, the terror will continue, and the honor of England be increasingly darkened. The only hope is an arrangement between Labor and Liberals by which, in a few months, the Government of the terror can be destroyed.

What is this arrangement? It is one of simplicity itself, and of common sense. It is not that Liberal should call itself half Labor or that Labor should call itself half Liberal, or that either should compromise in the smallest degree its loyalty to its party or its principles. It is that for one election only the two opposition parties should attempt to defeat the scandal of the three candidates for the one seat, with no adjustment against minority rule, by arranging to vote as near as possible on a system of proportional representation. In a town of four members, for example, Labor candidates would only be put up in two of the constituencies and Liberal in the other two. In a town of two members only, one and one. There need be no general agreement for Liberal to vote Labor or Labor to vote Liberal. Each could spread the pure milk of its own policy, and each could organize its activity by concentrating its machine in the divisions of its own candidates. Neither would be compelled to take notice of the other. In each separate constituency one member only of the two opposition parties would be fighting the Government, and would have to justify his election to the voters of that division as against the Government candidate.

Any co-operation beyond this would have to be left to the spirit and temper of each constituency, and would vary greatly in localities. But there is no doubt that in the substantial majority of cases the Liberal and Labor vote would tend to fusion, and the opposition candidate would be elected. Under no other system can this happen. Time, labor, energy, money, argument, and rhetoric are spent in these pitiful three-cornered contests by each Opposition party attacking the other in an effort to explain that all who hate the Government should vote for its particular candidate. The votes are hopelessly divided. The Government passes almost without criticism, and at a general election a renewed mandate is given for the maintenance of hell in Ireland.

The arguments against such a policy are scarcely worth refuting. It is said that no arrangements made

centrally could affect the local organizations. That is undoubtedly true, and local organizations can do as they please in selecting and running candidates. All that would be necessary would be good faith on the part of the central leaders, with an assertion that only those agreeing to the arrangements are the official candidates, to be supported with money, assistance, and the official speakers.

It is said that such arrangements would be unfair to Labor, as leaving the Liberal Coalitionists still supported by the Government machine; and yet, if returned, potential Liberals. But the first condition of any such arrangement would have to be that, if only on the acid test of Ireland, Liberal Coalitionists, who are also Coercionists, should be fought as strongly as Tories, and that, in any compact in which Labor alone contested any of their seats, they should be denounced by the Liberal leaders as effectively as the Tories themselves. On the other hand it would be easy to draw into the protection of such an arrangement those few progressive Tories, who, again on the acid test of Ireland, have had the courage to split with their party. It is said that Labor, which hates Liberalism, will never enter into a pact for the advantage of Liberalism, and that Liberalism, which hates Labor, will be equally *intransigent*. But neither is asked to make a sacrifice for the sake of the other. It is asked to make a sacrifice for the sake of itself. Two forces besieging a fortress are asked to combine to batter down the walls, instead of making sport to the defenders by fighting each other outside. If they combine, the walls can be battered down, and both can enter. When they are within, they can fight each other if they please. Neither party has unlimited funds, as the Coalition possesses, or unlimited capable candidates, loyal to and able to express its ideals. Neither will therefore be able to put up a candidate in all the six hundred constituencies, and the question is fundamentally one of getting out of each other's way. It is a mistake to fall back on a counsel of despair, and say that because it cannot be done universally, it should not be tried at all. In parts of industrial Britain, it is exceedingly probable that such an appeal would fall upon deaf ears. But if impossible, say, at Glasgow, that is no reason why it should not be tried, say, in Edinburgh. If impossible in many of the industrial towns of the North, in which the fight may be in part between capitalistic and wealthy Liberal against proletarian Labor, that is no reason why it should not be tried in the South, where in general both Liberal and Labor are proletariat, and there is no question of class war between these two parties.

London, for example, has some eighty members, and Greater London some hundred and twenty. And in the whole of this aggregate, returning more than one-sixth of the House of Commons, Liberal and Labor members to-day can almost be numbered on the fingers of one hand. But among all these millions the wealthy and suburban classes are solidly and almost permanently Tory. Whereas the working-class districts would be certain seats for Liberal and Labor if they would thus agree to allocate candidates among a homogeneous population. There are at least forty seats in which none of the supporters of the present Government, including some occupied by Ministers, would have a chance of being returned if there were only one opposition candidate against them.

The fact that the thing is not impossible is shown by two extraordinary by-elections in the London district, Croydon and Bromley. In Croydon a Labor man and no Liberal had stood in 1918, and at the by-election

a Liberal stood and no Labor man; while at Bromley the conditions were actually reversed. Although the suburban element prevented complete victories, the Tory majorities toppled down by thousands. The figures demonstrated beyond challenge that in one case nine-tenths of the electors who had first voted Liberal voted Labor, and in the other nine-tenths of those who had first voted Labor voted Liberal. Throughout the South and Midlands, in great cities like Bristol for example, where the Coalition between Liberal and Tory Government supporters has laid an iron hand on the whole city, and especially in the rural districts, such an arrangement would rescue scores, if not hundreds, of seats from supporters of the present Government. Counties where the laborers hate Toryism so bitterly, as, for example, in Wiltshire or Lincolnshire, are represented by solid bands of Tories in this Parliament. It is probable that if some arrangement can be made by which the Labor candidates should fight one-half of the county divisions without a Liberal competitor, and the Liberal candidates in similar fashion fight the other half, not a single Tory would be returned from any of such counties. This is what the Government fear, and it is the only thing they fear. And the strength of their fear of it is a measure of how much it is worth doing.

PROTECTIONISTS AS PATRIOTEERS.

PROTECTIONISTS are past-masters in the art of covering their naked schemes of business plunder in a cloak of patriotism. Eighteen years ago the Mr. Chamberlain of the day called this cloak Imperialism. Our Mr. Chamberlain calls it national defence. This cloak, too, has its lining of imperial preference, woven in war-time and still serviceable. But the cloth itself is purely patriotic. War has disclosed the national peril of depending upon a foreign and potential enemy source for our supply of any essential need. This applies, in the first instance, to "key industries," otherwise designated "pivotal," or "vital." No accepted definition of the term exists. But the "notion" is that of a comparatively small and specialized trade, producing an article essential to some industry, or group of industries, upon which the life or well-being of the nation depends. The war-suggestion, of course, was that Germany, in developing her technology, was primarily and consciously motivated by the plan of securing these industrial and commercial forts for the disablement of her enemy when "the day" arrived. The day has come and gone, but the "notion" survives in the Bill which is shortly to come before Parliament. Dyestuffs, synthetic drugs, and other chemicals, optical and scientific glasses, tungsten, magnetos, zinc-oxide, arc-lamp carbons, and other better made or cheaper scientific goods, which we bought from Germany to our great gain, are to be kept on the forbidden list in order that subsidized home industries may supply us with inferior articles at higher prices.

Now even the sharp experience of the war showed that the perils of such dependence on foreigners were grossly exaggerated. But we are now told that these war-infants must be fed and nourished by the money of the taxpayer and the consumer until, in some undated future, they can stand alone. Whole families of them are to be foisted on the public funds. Here is Sir William

Pearce addressing the Association of British Chemical Manufacturers:—

"They had got the Dyestuffs Bill, but this was not sufficient. The dyestuffs industry would depend very much on the success of the manufacture of fine chemicals and drugs, and fine chemicals and drugs should be included in the same scheme as dyestuffs."

We regret to see that Lord Moulton, describing himself as "an old free-trader," lent his support to this monstrous demand, on the ground that

"We no more dare leave our great industries at the mercy of a foreign enemy than we dare trust to a foreign country for our guns and ammunition."

What is the assumption underlying this position? That not only has the "war to end war" failed to purchase the least immunity, but its chief lesson lies in teaching us to undo all the economic internationalism of past generations and to seek the, for us, impossible security of a self-sufficing economic system. For, if these people mean what they say, our import trade should be confined entirely to superfluities, and therefore our exports shrink to the dimensions needed to purchase them. As for the pretence that the coddled infants will grow up, all experience confutes it. The suggestion that a few years of feverish education and stimulation will displace the fruits of long scientific discipline and patient research, which gave Germans their superiority in certain branches of production, is simply puerile. We can, by forcing large quantities of productive resources into these favored channels, deplete other naturally better channels, and thus reduce the aggregate productivity of our nation. But no clear mind can regard such a policy as favorable to the defence of the realm.

It is, however, only fair to admit that "key industries" is not the main line of the new protectionism. Anti-dumping makes a more appropriate appeal to the pulpy mind it addresses. The very word dumping adds insult to injury. The term is kept as undefinable as key industry. The theory is that foreign cartels send into this country artificially cheapened goods, in order to destroy our own competing industries, and then recoup themselves by charging monopoly prices. There is, however, no evidence that this has ever occurred. What does happen is that goods are sent abroad to be sold at lower prices than at home. All big trusts or combines are liable to do this, especially when they are protected in their national markets. Our big and well-organized manufacturers have often practised this price-discrimination. It is, of course, more familiar in internal than in export trade. Where business firms can adapt price-lists to special markets they do so.

The idea that it is unjust or damaging to receive goods at a lower price than others pay, carries a peculiar note of humor, which is heightened by the special circumstances that attend our post-war dealings with Germany, the country we still keep in mind as the arch-dumper. For at the same moment that we are concerting measures to keep out German goods on the ground that they are too cheap, we are issuing to her menacing demands for goods to be handed over "free, gratis, and for nothing" under the name reparation. This is surely super-dumping! Our statesmen, Sir Robert Horne to wit, only make themselves more ridiculous when, pretending to face the quandary, they insist that Germany shall pay us in goods (raw materials) which she has not got in her own possession, but must purchase from abroad. We won't have German dyes, or optical glasses, or ironmongery, or toys, or anything that Ger-

many can sell us of her own making, good and cheap. But we will force her to supply us with timber and hides from Russia, ores from Sweden or Spain, cotton, wool, or oils from South America, which she buys and pays for with the manufactures we refuse to receive! It is true that she will make these purchases of raw materials at a great disadvantage, because of her bad exchange and the loss of her foreign capital and trading stations, a disadvantage she would pass on to us in the heightened values of the raw materials we condescended to receive as "reparation." But, by way of compensation for this diminution of our reparation, we oblige Germany to take a number of our foreign markets, displacing our manufactured exports by hers. At a time like this, when our loss of interest from foreign capital necessitates the most urgent efforts to increase our export trade, we are urged by Sir R. Horne to hand over a large section of this trade to Germany, in order that we may get from her a smaller real amount of reparation instead of a larger! Can political imbecility go further?

But this too narrow view ignores the gravest dangers. The pretence that the key industries, anti-dumping, and exchange ramps are directed against Germany is wearing thin. Even on the "national defence" line it will not hold. If, as might appear, we are bent on finding another enemy, we must look to stronger countries than Germany, possibly inside the ranks of our late war-confederacy. We can have no more certainty about the enemy in our next war than about the "key industries" appropriate to that great struggle. Apart from the special puzzle of reparations, the "dumping" to which we are liable may well come mostly from Belgium, Japan, or France, not to mention the United States. For all these are industrial competitors, with cheaper or more productive labor than we command, and with highly evolved capitalist organizations. Are we really going to set up Board of Trade Commissions, empowered to schedule for prohibition or discriminative taxation any goods from our Allies which official purists (prompted by business impurists) choose to designate as undesirable?

We ought not, however, to conclude without a reference to the twist in the anti-dumping scheme which would empower a Committee to counteract the so-called advantages of a bad exchange to exporting countries, by a tariff which shifts with every shift of the exchange. It is here, again, pretended that this is aimed at keeping from our shores the cheapened goods by which alone Germany can make reparation. But this pretence is as false as the others. For the weapon must evidently be brandished in the face of every country, whose miserable financial and economic plight is reflected in its exchange. In various degrees it will discriminate against all our late European Allies as well as our late enemies. They are all to be hit because they are down. They are to be prevented from rising. For the enlargement of their export trade is for most of them the only early remedy for their bad exchange. The more they are able to sell abroad the larger the improvement in their exchange. This short-sighted, selfish proposal to discriminate against countries with bad exchange inflicts a grave injury on them, while it helps to hold up prices to our consumers. It does more. It discourages the free flow of commerce at a time when this healing influence is a prime requisite for the recovery of Europe. What is wanted most to-day is that every people should repair their damaged industries as quickly as possible, and set to work and exchange their surplus products with one another as freely and as easily as broken credit and defective transport permit. For Governments to set up laws forbidding people to buy where they can buy best at such a time as this is nothing short of criminal lunacy.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

It may be excessive to say that the debate on the Irish amendment marks the beginning of the end of the Government's Irish policy; but it is certainly a premonition. Not only was the Government's case virtually unsupported in debate; it was coldly represented in the lobby. A batch of Tories and Coalition Liberals, the former conspicuous for ability, rattled altogether. Even the voting was by no means in full strength. Out of 380 Unionists, only 214 supported the Government, and 53 out of 133 "Coalies." There were, therefore, many abstentions. The London correspondent of the "Yorkshire Post" is careful to point out that though some were accidental, a number of these non-voters were Conservatives, "mainly identified with the Church," and in sympathy with the Irish views of the Cecils. These gentlemen approved the Government's "end," but "would use somewhat different methods." In other words, they were against reprisals.

THEN there are the Liberal "Coalies." Less than half of them voted in the Irish division. Mr. Pliable is well represented in their party; but the Irish policy cannot but deeply discomfort them, more especially the elder men, brought up in the Gladstonian tradition. Continually subject to pressure from the revolting element in the constituencies, their championship of the Black-and-Tans is at best a rueful and half-hearted affair. But their scruples make the hard-faced Unionist sick; while this coarse strain in Unionism is more and more sharply thrown up against the disgust of the Cecils and the Tory intellectuals who follow them. Thus a process of moral disintegration goes on in the Parliamentary ranks, in which the finer elements are steadily drawing away from Mr. George, and the vulgarer ones find their more perfect affinity in these Irish brutalities. So that though the signs of outer change are insignificant, a deep inward erosion goes on, in itself the sign of an inevitable impulse to light and life.

THERE is, therefore, a breach in the Government's ranks which will widen as the public dangers of its Irish policy develop, and its scandals, like that of the resignation of General Crozier, multiply. One of the consequences of the breakdown of the old party system is that free thinking about politics increases and men's minds travel easily back to deserted or half-forgotten tracks. Take the City. For the first time for generations, its tone is markedly liberal, free trade, and even pacifist. The other night, I was at a big West London music-hall. All the topical references were disrespectful to the Government, to the Prime Minister, and to Mr. Churchill; and there ran through the jests a certain cynical, by no means unserious, criticism of the war and the political war-figures. For the first time in my experience of pleasure-taking London it seemed to me to have a rather Parisian atmosphere, sceptical and even a little rebellious.

THE time, therefore, seems ripe for an attempt at reconstructing politics. It is no use merely generating anti-Georgian hot air. There is plenty about; but there are solid masses of voters to be collected and given an object for their discontent. So long as the Opposition is split up into warring Liberal and Labor sections this process of direction, fusion, and intellectual organization cannot be set up. For the country will insist on knowing whom it is dealing with. Otherwise, whatever it thinks of Mr. George, he will come back. But the moment these

parties come to an electoral understanding, the lethargy will disappear, and the disapproval become active and concrete. Hope will bloom again, even in Ireland; and industry revive, for it realizes that under a free trade administration the hated shackles will fall from it, and that the *mot d'ordre* of Labor-Liberalism must be European peace and reconciliation.

THE trouble will be with the leaders. The Liberals are placable, for though they gain ground in the constituencies they don't look to a pure Liberal majority. And I dare aver that four out of five of the men in the front ranks of Labor would like to see a "business" arrangement with Liberalism. Otherwise they realize that they are in for a bad defeat. Say that they have funds to fight 150 seats; together with 50 forlorn hopes. With luck they might win a good hundred of them. Give Liberalism eighty seats in the next Parliament, and there, if you please, is the second Opposition to a Coalition in which nobody believes, not even its members. A futile, pettifogging result, utterly damaging to the statesmanship of the men who will be charged with blocking the way to a better one. Sovietism, which makes not inconsiderable progress among the Labor intellectuals, and draws sap from the weakness of the Parliamentary Labor Party, will acclaim it. But power will remain with the bureaucracy that now governs us, and the country will enter on a period of unrest as near to Revolution as she has ever passed through.

MEANWHILE, the Liberals do not view Cardigan with a despondent mind. Their prudent calculation was that Mr. Williams would get from 8,000 to 9,000 Liberal votes. They were surprised to find him polling well over 10,000. Their hopeful conclusion, therefore, is that in the great Georgian stronghold only about 5,000 Liberal voters could be drawn, with immense pressure, into his fold, and that Captain Evans's majority stands, in the main, on 9,000 Tory votes. Thus the story of Liberal Unionism repeats itself. There is a powerful Whig-Liberal schism. It is gradually sucked into the main stream of Conservatism. The Liberal Party draws together, forging a new link or two with the Left. And presently there is a united Liberal Party again.

THERE is a highly respectable house in a famous quarter of London which has a ghost. I believe it has always had one. Wild horses will not drag from me a close enough description of this mansion to set the newspapers on the track, but I may say that it is inhabited by a gentleman whose personality is as far as possible removed from that of Mr. Vale Owen. He is not even an Englishman. Nevertheless, this gentleman has seen the ghost. He told me so. Moreover, everything was *à la mode*. The ghost came at night. It came in white. It vanished as quickly as it came. It was a shadowy spirit, modern and anæmic, not a full-blooded ghost of the eighteenth century or thereabouts. It neither spoke nor was spoken to. It did what was necessary to keep up the character of the house, and then left, like a respectable butler.

THE other night I accepted Mr. Cochran's invitation to see M. de Max and his company play the third act of "Andromaque" at the Pavilion. But I confess to having been a little—well not shocked—but inconvenienced, by his method of presenting these distinguished people. For I found I had to take them in an inconspicuous break between one section and another of a very prolonged and amusing "Revue." In point of fact, they came between a vision of

Mr. Nelson Keys as a *vieux marcheur* (a British Admiral, I regret to say), and a revised version of him as an inebriated masher. I made a desperate effort at mental accommodation, for to tell the truth, I expected a trap, and a reincarnation of Mr. Nelson Keys; so I closely watched Orestes and Hermione for concealed traces of him. But nothing of the kind happened. I thought M. de Max a little dull, but at first one always thinks Racine dull, until one begins to realize what extraordinary power the method of the Comédie Française contrives to get out of him. Mdlle. Marco-Vici's Hermione was certainly not dull; and she would have been positively thrilling if, as I said, I had not been eyeing her all the while in the expectation of seeing her fade away, by some bioscopic effect, into Mr. Nelson Keys.

AN Irish magistrate lately described to a friend the police raids on his house. On one occasion the police engaged were apparently Irish and Catholic, and certainly drunk. One of them leaned up against the wall and started a harangue to their involuntary host and his wife. "There was once," he said, "a Catholic Church! The Catholic Church doesn't exist any longer! God! God's dead!"

"Tell me," says the magistrate, "did they shoot Him trying to escape?"

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE.

O solitudo, sola beatitudo, Saint Bernard said; but might he not have said just as well, *O societas, sola felicitas*? Just as truly, I think; because when a man says that the only happiness is this or that, he is like a lover saying that Mary Jane is the one woman in the world. She may be truly the one woman for him, though even that is not probable; but he cannot mean to assert that she is the only woman living, nor to deny that each of the others might be the one woman for somebody. Now, when a Hegelian philosopher, contradicting Saint Bernard, says that society is his be all and end all, that he himself is nothing but an invisible point at which relations cross, and that if you removed from him his connection with Hegel, with his university, his church, his wife, and his publishers, there would be nothing left, or at best a name and a peg to hang a gown on, far be it from me to revise his own analysis of his nature; society may be the only felicity and the only reality for him. But that cannot annul the judgment of Saint Bernard. He had a great mind and a great heart, and he knew society well; at least, he accepted the verdict which antiquity had passed on society, after a very long, brilliant, and hearty experience of it; and he knew the religious life and solitude as well; and I can't help thinking that he, too, must have been right in his self-knowledge, and that solitude must have been the only happiness for him.

Nevertheless, the matter is not limited to this confronting of divers honest judgments, or confessions of moral experience. The natures expressed in these judgments have a long history, and are on different levels; the one may be derived from the other. Thus it is evident that the beatific solitude of Saint Bernard was filled with a kind of society; he devoted it to communion with the Trinity, or to composing fervent compliments to the Virgin Mary. It was only the society to be found in inns and hovels, in castles, sacristies, and refectories, that he thought it happiness to avoid. That the wilder-

ness to which hermits flee must be peopled by their fancy, could have been foreseen by any observer of human nature. Tormenting demons or ministering angels must needs appear, because man is rooted in society and his instincts are addressed to it; for the first nine months, or even years, of his existence he is a parasite; and scarcely are these parental bonds a little relaxed, when he instinctively forms other ties, that turn him into a husband and father, and keep him such all his days. If ever he finds happiness in solitude, it can only be by lavishing on objects of his imagination the attentions which his social functions require that he should lavish on something. Without exercising these faculties somehow his nature would be paralyzed; there would be no fuel to feed a spiritual flame. All Saint Bernard could mean, then, is that happiness lies in this substitution of an ideal for a natural society, in converse with thoughts rather than with things. Such a substitution is normal, and a mark of moral vigor; we must not be misled into comparing it with a love of dolls or of lap-dogs. Dolls are not impersonal, and lap-dogs are not ideas: they are only less rebellious specimens of the genus thing; they are more portable idols. To substitute the society of ideas for that of things is simply to live in the mind; it is to survey the world of existences in its truth and beauty rather than in its personal perspectives, or with practical urgency. It is the sole path to happiness for the intellectual man, because the intellectual man cannot be satisfied with a world of perpetual change, defeat, and imperfection. It is the path trodden by ancient philosophers and modern saints or poets; not, of course, by modern writers on philosophy (except Spinoza), because these have not been philosophers in the vital sense; they have practised no spiritual discipline, suffered no change of heart, but lived on exactly like other professors, and exerted themselves to prove the existence of a God favorable to their own desires, instead of searching for the God that happens to exist. Certainly this path, in its beginnings, is arduous, and leaves the natural man somewhat spare and haggard; he seems to himself to have fasted for forty days and forty nights, and the world regards his way of living afterwards as rather ghostly and poor. But he usually congratulates himself upon it in the end; and of those who persevere some become saints and some poets and some philosophers.

Yet why, we may ask, should happiness be found exclusively in this ideal society where none intrudes? If the intellectual man cannot lay up his treasures in a world of change, the natural man can perfectly well satisfy his instincts within it; and why shouldn't the two live amicably together in a house of two storeys? I can see no essential reason; but historically natural society long ago proved a moral failure. It could not harmonize or decently satisfy even the instincts on which it rests. Hence the philosophers have felt bound not only to build themselves a superstructure but to quit the ground floor—materially if possible, by leading a monastic life, religiously in any case by not expecting to find much except weeping and wailing in this vale of tears. We may tax this despair with being premature, and call such a flight into an imaginary world a desperate expedient; at any time the attempts of the natural man to live his comic life happily may be renewed, and may succeed. Solitude peopled with ideas might still remain to employ the mind; but it would not be the only beatitude.

Yet the insecurity of natural society runs deeper, for natural society itself is an expedient and a sort of refuge of despair. It too, in its inception, seemed a sacrifice and a constraint. The primitive soul hates order

and the happiness founded on order. The barbarous soul hates justice and peace. The belly is always rebelling against the members. The belly was once all in all; it was a single cell floating deliciously in a warm liquid; it had no outer organs; it thought it didn't need them. It vegetated in peace; no noises, no alarms, no lusts, no nonsense. Ah, veritably solitude was blessedness then! But it was a specious solitude and a precarious blessedness, resting on ignorance. The warm liquid might cool, or might dry up; it might breed all sorts of enemies; presently heaven might crack and the cell be cleft in two. Happy the hooded microbe that put forth feelers in time, and awoke to its social or unsocial environment! I am not sure that, beneath the love of ideal society, there was not in Saint Bernard a lingering love of primeval peace, of seminal slumber; that he did not yearn for the cell biological as well as for the cell monastic. Life, mere living, is a profound ideal, pregnant with the memory of a possible happiness, the happiness of protoplasm; and the advocate of moral society must not reckon without his host. He has a rebellious material in hand; his every atom is instinct with a life of its own which it may reassert, upsetting his calculations and destroying his organic systems. Only the physical failure of solitude drove the spirit at first into society, as the moral failure of society may drive it later into solitude again. If anyone said, then, that happiness lies only in society, his maxim would be no less sincere and solid than Saint Bernard's, but it would not be so profound. For beneath natural society, in the heart of each of its members, there is always an intense and jealous solitude, the sleep of elemental life which can never be wholly broken; and above natural society there is always another solitude—a placid ethereal wilderness, the heaven of ideas—beckoning the mind.

GEORGE SANTAYANA.

A FAMILY IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

WE do not know why the Pastons of the fifteenth century kept their family letters, nor why their descendants kept them too, but we are sincerely grateful for their carefulness. That collection of letters, preserved for more than four centuries, gives us the best picture we possess of the mediæval age when its way of life and belief was just breaking up—just ready to pass, by rapid transition, into the stirring and adventurous period of Rebirth. It was the end of an age, just as our own present years are probably the end of an age. And for that reason we give the greater welcome to the admirable volume of "Selections" made from the great editions of Sir John Fenn and Dr. Gairdner by Alice Drayton Greenwood (G. Bell & Sons) in such form that all the most valuable parts of the famous Letters are now brought within reach of nearly every student and historic reader.

The Pastons were a typical English family of the lesser nobility or upper middle class. Ownership of land was then almost the only means of living in "independence"—of living in comparative ease upon the labor of other people—and they owned land about their native village of Paston (close to the north-east coast of Norfolk) and in neighboring parts of the county. Most of the land was acquired by marriage or by the will of Sir John Fastolfe, over which they contended in law as long as if the estate had been in Chancery. They were a steady-going lot, those Pastons, or rather they steadied their family fortune by careful marriages. It is noticeable throughout the letters how far superior the wives and mothers, not being Pastons, were to their husbands and sons. It was the women who carried on the business,

controlled the expenses, and managed the estates, their husbands being often away on pleasure or at Court. It was the women also who wrote beyond comparison the best letters—best in interest and in style—whereas the husbands' letters are often dullish stuff, and written with interminable sentences, circumlocutions and parentheses, for all the world like our legal documents and Acts of Parliament. One man, for instance, writes a sentence of twenty-five lines, and that in a love letter! The women wrote with far greater clearness and sense. There were three chief among them—Agnes (Berry of Marlingford), a stern and grave woman, married to Mr. Justice William Paston, whom she survived by thirty-five years, being a "born widow"; Margaret (Mauteby) who married John Paston, the eldest, and is the finest and most interesting character in the letters; and Margery (Brews) who married John, the youngest son of the above-mentioned John, and younger brother of another John, so determined were they to keep the name of John in the family. This Margery was the lively one, a good lover and charming woman, a foretaste of Shakespeare's Beatrice and his other women. We have from her a love letter and a pretty Valentine, beginning:—

"Right reverend and worshipful, and my right well beloved Valentine, I recommend me unto you, full heartily, desiring to hear of your welfare, which I beseech Almighty God long to preserve unto his pleasure, and your heart's desire. And if it please you to hear of my welfare, I am not in good hele of body, nor of heart, nor shall be till I hear from you."

She then breaks into verse, and after commending her lover to the keeping of the Holy Trinity (as was usual in a parting salutation) she beseeches him "that this bill (letter) be not seen of none earthly creature save only yourself." And now, thanks to the careful hoarding of the Pastons, it is to be seen of everyone who buys this book or reads this paper.

Love seems to have lasted after marriage, at least on her side, for she writes to her husband once, "I pray you, if ye tarry long at London, that it will please you to send for me, for I think long since I lay in your arms." And a year or two later she writes, "I pray God no ladies no more overcome you, that ye give no longer respite in your matters," i.e., "that you have time to attend to our business as I do." Of course, as in our present upper-middle classes, marriage was largely an affair of arrangement according to station and wealth, but in spite of all, love kept breaking in, as we see from a letter to one of the Paston girls (whose name also was Margery, for they were as short of names as the Boer farmers). A bailiff, whose suit was discouraged by the family as being too lowly, wrote thus to her, and it is sad to think that the letter was probably stopped on its way by prudent parents, and she never saw it:—

"I beseech Almighty God comfort us as soon as it pleaseth him, for we that ought of very right to be most together are most asunder, me seemeth it a thousand year ago since that I spake with you, I had liever than all the good in the world that I might be with you; alas! alas! good Lady, full little remember they what they do that keep us thus asunder, four times in the year are they accursed that let (*hinder*) matrimony."

Upon the next essentials of life, food and dress, we have hints in the first of the letters quoted. Agnes Paston (the grandmother, as we may call her) writes to her Worshipful Husband asking him to buy a gown for Margaret Mauteby, who has just arrived for betrothal to their son John, "making Gentle cheer to him in Gentle wise." The gown should be a "goodly blew or else a bright sanguine," and the bride's mother will add a goodly fur. In the same letter Mistress Agnes asks her husband in London to buy her two pipes of gold thread, and tells him his fish stews do well, thereafter commit-

ting him to the governance of the Holy Trinity. After marriage, this Margaret (Mauteby) Paston writes to her husband to provide her with cross-bows, their spring-irons and bolts (the house being too low to allow for the use of the long bow), together with two or three pole-axes to keep the doors of their house near Gresham, which she had fortified with bars and wickets, whence cross-bows and hand-guns might be discharged; for indeed the times were dangerous, and bandits and brigands ranged. But after these warlike demands she petitions him also to buy her one lb. of almonds, one lb. of sugar, some frieze to make gowns for their little child (the best and cheapest to be had of Hay's wife), and a yard of black broad-cloth as a hood for herself at four shillings a yard, or a little less.

The Pastons were a hearty family; this little son for whose dress the frieze was wanted writes in later years that he "eats like a horse," and from another letter we know how a horse did eat. Writing to his younger brother, also called John as we saw, the same Margaret Paston first discusses a complicated bond case which was likely to land her in prison (and pestilence was raging at the time), and then she proceeds:—

"I send you half a rial (5s.) for to buy with sugar, figs, and dates for me, I pray ye do as well as ye can, and send it me as hastily as ye may, and send me word what price a pound of pepper, cloves, mace, ginger, cinnamon, almonds, rice, galigale, saffron, raisins of Corinth, greynes, and comfits, of each of these send me the price of a pound, and if it be better cheap at London than it is here, I shall send you money to buy with such as I will have."

There's a fine commission for a young man about town! As she wrote in November, she probably had her eye on Christmas. But the demand for spices at that time was always large, for they were useful to control the taste and smell when meat went high, and there was no cold storage then. Not that people were absurdly squeamish, for they devoured porpoises, and a whale sixty-six feet long was accounted "a royal fish"; not entirely for the table, it is true. As to medicines, which may be called the reverse or satire of food, treacle was a favorite drug; and the same Margaret Paston, writing to someone who was to settle one of her younger sons in Oxford, adds as a final advice:—

"I remember that water of mint or flower of milfoil were good for my cousin Berney to drink for to make him to brook (*digest*); and if they send to Dame Elizabeth Calthorpe, there ye shall not fail of one or both; she hath other waters to make folk to brook."

The drugs were simple, but people had need of cure, for the pestilence was recurrent like our influenza, and we suppose it was the same sort of plague as the Black Death which depopulated the country in the previous century. Like the present, that was an age of great "unrest" in all classes. The long and ruinous war with France was slowly petering out. The Court and nobility were occupied with stupid rivalries between king and king, and in those tiresome Wars of the Roses the last of the barons were slowly petering out as well. Sensible people like the Pastons engaged themselves first on one side and then on the other, with complete indifference as to principle, but some caution for profit. But the big landowners (the true capitalists of the time) battered each other almost to extinction in their silly little battles, and, as at the present time, large areas of land passed into new hands—those families soon to be further enriched by the plunder of the Church lands from God's service, and so to found the fortunes of our recent aristocracy. Underneath the personal quarrels of kings and capitalists, the life of the rising middle classes and the working people went on, disturbed by very different causes. Fleming raiders, turbulent seamen (the same class

of people who murdered the great Duke of Suffolk at the mouth of the Thames), and roving bands of brigands were a recurrent danger, especially in the rich and seaboround county of Norfolk. And right in the middle of the century came Jack Cade and his workers, trying to repeat the eternal protest of Wat Tyler and John Ball. In 1477, after the death of Charles the Bold of Burgundy, John Paston writes to his brother John: "It seemeth that the world is all quavering, it will reboil somewhere." A few years before, Margaret Paston, their mother, had written to her husband:—

"You have many good prayers of the poor people that God should speed you at this Parliament, for they live in hope that ye should help to set a way that they might live in better peace in this Country than they had done before, and that Wools should be purveyed for, that they should not go out of this land, as it hath been suffered to do before, and then shall the poor people live more better than they have done by their occupation therein."

Which may show that Margaret Paston had not mastered the principles of Free Trade, but was keenly alive to the poverty of the spinners and weavers in Norwich owing to the export of wool from the country. But in the midst of all this transition and uncertainty, when the greatest change in our country's history was so rapidly approaching, we find the people of the Paston class striving to continue their long-accustomed way of life. We see them much concerned with hawks and dogs and horses, as squires always were. Some of the women can sing to the harp. Some of the young men go to study in Oxford (whence one of them writes Latin too execrable for a modern Public School). A few compose verses; a few venture upon satire. And as to amusements ("the happiness of people who do not think," as Swift said), we know what they were from the account of a Christmas spent in mournful restraint owing to the recent death of the Master: "There were none Disguisings, nor Harping, nor Luting, nor Singing, nor none loud Disports; but playing at the Tables (Backgammon), and Chess, and Cards; such Disports she gave her folk leave to play and none other." Besides, there were books, and we have two lists of them. Most were written by hand, but some "in print"! And what would we not give for that one mentioned as:—

"Item, a black Book, with the Legend of Ladies; La Belle Dame sans Mercy; The Parliament of Birds; The Temple of Glass; Palatye and Scitacus; the Meditations of ——— (we suggest Boethius); Sir Gawain and the Green Knight—worth."

The Drama.

FALSTAFF ON THE MODERN STAGE.

I ONCE saw an English suburban girl play the part of Carmen. It was unforgettable. One is used to the syrens of opera, sheathed in spangles, and sinuously waving glasses of flat champagne; but this girl exceeded all such exponents of the wild life that I have observed by her crude and singular contortions. It was her business to be provocative, irresistible, immoral; and she stiffly imitated the suburban girls of a lower class whom she had disapprovingly seen at street corners coquetting with their hobbledehoy acquaintance. She longed to appear everything that was wicked and seductive. Her brain was strained to its utmost to invent new allures and the semblance of passion. She thought herself daring and shocking and intoxicating. But the exhibition she gave was such as to make one turn away one's eyes in distress. She was a thoroughly amiable girl, calculated to make some good man happy. She became almost objectionable in her efforts to behave

like a slut who would drive him to distraction. It is one of the hardest things in the world for a refined woman to take the part of a wanton, and it should not be attempted, even in the domestic circle.

Remembrance of this strange creation occurred to me in watching *Mistress Quickly* and *Doll Tearsheet* the other evening at the Court Theatre. Each of them appeared to be a thoroughly nice woman trying to be something which she could not even imagine. But the actresses responsible for these parts, who laughed immoderately and simulated so ill their characters and the Falstaffian period, were doing their utmost, and it would have been inhuman to expect them to behave otherwise. Nor, perhaps, would a modern audience have tolerated performances strictly in accord with one's apprehensions of the printed word. After all, they were not much unlike the other rascallions of the piece. All of these (with the exception of Pistol) were mild creatures, picturesquely clad, but wanting in fruitiness. One heard their voices echoing, which is as much as to say that in spite of the frankness of the text one was not, in the Stevensonian phrase, "rapt clean out of oneself" by the rendering of the play. It was a splendid notion to present "*Henry the Fourth*," and Mr. Fagan's enterprise deserves success. The play is one of the richest things in English dramatic literature, and much thought had been given to its production. Everything had been done to secure rapid and almost continuous action. The scenery was simple, the costumes were adequate and pleasing, the acting was sincere. The text had been so respected that even the startling old oaths were allowed to slap out whenever they occurred. And yet all the time I had this chilling sense of sympathy with refined persons who were trying to appear boisterous, and not quite bringing it off.

For one thing, I do not think that Mr. Alfred Clark was as suited to the part of Falstaff as he was to that of Bottom. As Bottom he was exceptionally good. He was an innocent, noisy fellow without brains. As Falstaff he was too clean, jovial, agreeable; and he missed all the devil, the sly, rheumy villainy and wit, of a personality difficult to seize. Picturesque he was, and suitably robust; but his Falstaff was very nearly a bluff, honest man. He was not the huge invention who was "not only witty in himself, but the cause that wit was in other men." He was a large, roaring, good-tempered baby. He never suggested the arch-rascal who had debauched the Prince his friend. As a consequence, the Prince's ultimate harshness appeared to be out of proportion to Falstaff's deserts. Pistol was better and more terrible. He had at any rate conceived his part as a parody of *Cyrano de Bergerac*. He brought upon the stage heroic gesture and a miraculous voice, and did indeed carry with him an atmosphere of brawls and filth and cut-throat exploits. All those scenes of the play, however, which should have been rattled through with verve and richness of animal humor, were taken too slow, or they wanted some sort of vitality to make them electrifying. I think the explanation of the comparative failure of the comic portions must be that everybody concerned in them was too much of a gentleman to play broad enough. Pistol and Silence were the exceptions; and Pistol was a wild, tearing devil, and Silence was better in his phlegm than in his drunkenness. The recruits were amateurish.

On the other hand, the Prince (also refined and exceedingly well-bred) and his father had an excellent bedchamber scene together. It would have been better yet if Mr. Cellier had been continuously audible, and if he had been less of the dying man and more of the King. But it was a pleasure to see the charming set, with its air of spaciousness, and to hear what the King's decrepitude allowed us to do of the noble conversation. The dignity of the speeches was not destroyed by the King and the Prince. Whatever their superficial faults of diction may have been, both Mr. Cellier and Mr. Rathbone knew that the words they uttered were charged with emotion, and it was a fine colloquy. It fittingly concluded the second of the three acts into which the play had been divided. It was, I think, the

best-acted scene in the whole production, which goes to suggest that ancient humor is more difficult to represent with zest than are passages of poetic declamation. Possibly the objections I have made above—if they are valid—will cease to apply later in the run of "Henry the Fourth." At present the beautiful ripe richness of Falstaff's comments and retorts does not dominate the theatre as it ought to do. The Falstaff should be more imposing, more mentally alert and artful. In spite of his enormous stomach he was quite definitely a man of astute wit, an unscrupulous and humorous villain. If he is to be watered down into a mere innocuous fat man, the balance of the play is spoilt. When Pistol was upon the stage Sir John was overawed and overshadowed by him, whereas he must always have been master of the scene by reason of his unshakable adroitness. No King would have been afraid of this Falstaff, a good-humored and innocent companion; and no Prince would have been led by him into such courses that his first thought upon turning over a new leaf was directed to the disgrace of Falstaff. The play would much gain—at the Court Theatre—by greater comic realism and more incisive expression of Falstaff's cunning. Otherwise, within its natural limitations, which are imposed by the nature of the play and the difficulties of casting, the production is creditable. Moreover, the opportunities we have of seeing "Henry the Fourth" are so few that it is to be hoped many people will take advantage of this one. It is far from ideal; but it is scrupulous and tasteful, and considerable skill has been shown in mounting it simply and adequately.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

Letters to the Editor.

THE NEW BELGIUM.

SIR,—It is thankless work discussing with a man who appears to be unable to understand one's arguments and who even understands his own case so imperfectly that in one and the same paragraph he contradicts himself on the point at issue. Your "Belgian Reader" says he "did not mean to suggest anything else" but that the Flemish leaders, M. Van Cauwelaert included, uphold the Belgian claims to sovereignty over the Wielingen. Yet a moment before he put forward quite a different contention, when he again maintained that the Chauvinist and anti-Flemish group in Belgium was in no way responsible for the breaking off of the negotiations with Holland. What Dutchmen and Flemings blamed the last Belgian Government for was not that they held the honest opinion that the Wielingen ought to be Belgian. It was that they abruptly broke off the negotiations at a moment when they seemed to have led to an understanding. On that point your "Belgian Reader," I repeat, cannot appeal to M. Van Cauwelaert.

Let me add that there are, fortunately, reasons for thinking that the harm done by the breaking off of the negotiations may soon be repaired. But no useful purpose can be served by obscuring the fact that there are in Belgian politics various currents where foreign policy is concerned, and that the Flemish parties are a force on the side of sanity and moderation.—Yours, &c.,

P. GEYL.

15, Finchley Road, N.W. 8.

SIR,—Your "Belgian Reader" is very anxious that this discussion should stop. He seems profoundly uneasy about any information at all on the ills of Belgium reaching the outside world. He tries to minimize and pooh-pooh the whole affair. He even suggests that the subject cannot possibly interest your readers, a point on which, sir, he might have acknowledged you to be the better judge. At the same time, he so confuses the issues that I cannot refrain from asking your permission to put one at least of his inaccuracies right.

The "Belgian Reader" seems ill-acquainted with Belgian political conditions. He wants me to believe that his gibe

about the successors to von Bissing was not meant against M. Borginon, whom he classes with the "Vlaamsch Verbond"; as for his attack on anti-patriotic people who continue the policy of the German invaders, it is only the Front Party of which he was thinking. But M. Borginon belongs to that party. It is largely composed of ex-soldiers. He himself was on active service through most of the war. The programme of that party, as I said in my first letter, does not aim at the breaking-up of Belgium, it only asks for Home Rule for Flanders.—Yours, &c.,

A FLEMISH READER.

"WESSEX WORTHIES."

SIR,—In Mr. Birrell's eminently fair (may I say kindly?) review of my book on "Wessex Worthies" in your issue of February 19th, there are one or two points upon which, with your permission, I should like to touch, as they refer to the inclusion, or exclusion, of two distinguished men amongst Dorset Worthies. First, as to Prior—is it not more than "a vague tradition" that he was born near Wimborne? and if Mr. Birrell will have it he was born at Wimborne, Middlesex, I confess I cannot learn where Wimborne is; the "British Postal Guide" and Kelly's Directory know it not. And is he going to deprive us of the story of the poet, when a school-boy, going to sleep in the library of chained books at Wimborne, whilst the candle burnt a hole in the copy of Raleigh's "History of the World" which he was reading?

Then as to W. E. Forster, of whom Mr. Birrell would also rob the county; his mother lived near Weymouth; was married at Shaftesbury, and dwelt at Bradpole, where William Edward Forster was born. If not a Dorset man, what are we to call him? Anyway, he belongs to no other county, although I admit that he was a typical West Riding Yorkshireman. The good people of Bradpole, who, with much enthusiasm, unveiled a memorial to Mr. Forster in June, 1888, were under the impression that this manly and courageous Englishman belonged to them.

Mr. Birrell objects to my giving such "peripatetics" as "that foreign lady, Margaret of Anjou, and the foreigner at heart, Charles II.," at a domicile in Dorset. The sad fate of the fair daughter of René led me to mention her connection, brief though it was, with the county. As to the second Charles, "odd's fish"! the learned critic may be right; but the King was wont to consider the days that he passed in Dorset as amongst the most memorable in his life, judging from the delight he took in talking of them, and Mr. Pepys relates that "it made him ready to weep to hear the stories that he (the King) told of his difficulties."—Yours, &c.,

J. J. FOSTER.

"Aldwick," Holland Road, Sutton, Surrey.
February 23rd, 1921.

THE POETS OF THE WAR.

SIR,—The poems of Wilfred Owen have already established themselves among such war poetry as promises to survive; there has been no hesitation among the Indicators of the present day on this point. The poets themselves, from all I have heard, have recognized him as a true poet, and think of what he would have done with wonder and sorrow. Mr. Sassoon, Mr. Squire, Mr. Graves, Mr. Nichols have given me personal proof of this; and many others have been named to me as Owen's steadfast admirers.

Yet surely in his review of the Poems Mr. Murry attempts to justify an unjustifiable award? The title of his analysis is "The Poet of the War"; and scattered throughout are such phrases as "Here in thirty-three brief pages is the evidence that Wilfred Owen was the greatest poet of the war," "On Owen's highest plane no comparison between him and the realistic poets is possible," "it may be asked, . . . why is he the only poet of the war?" Why indeed?

The war was an immense and protean affair. I for my part cannot believe that twenty-four hours at Gallipoli, at Quinchy, in a submarine, or anywhere else on actual active service can be fully described in a thin volume of poetry. A background can be given, as Owen has given it in one poem, as Mr. Sassoon gives it little by little throughout his poems, as Mr. Graves gives it in "It's a Queer Time"; and then

the trouble begins. The background is not utterly dissimilar from that of any immense distress of the individual soul; the particular sharpnesses and agonies belonged to the war, and to nothing else. A thousand poems would not suffice to awake in me all the emotions of twenty-four hours in the quietest part of the line; the background is not impossible. For the finer points, some of Wilfred Owen's poems express the unexpressed, and many of Mr. Sassoon's. Many remain.

This brings me into collision with another tenet of Mr. Murry's, that the poetry of the war "had to record not what the war did to men's bodies and senses, but what it did to their souls." Yet the effect on the soul depended very closely on what happened to the body. We did not leave our bodies at the transport lines. The five senses which collaborate with the spirit to produce "Kubla Khans" were not sleeping when the eight-inch crunched the pillbox or the mine went up. The soul might recover itself sufficiently after some days out of the line to allow of optimism or delight in a beautiful sunset; but only if, for instance, the eyes had not been blinded or the feet frozen. As with body, so with soul, and if anything is now imperishable in the mind, it is as much the actual sound, sight, smell of carnage as the effect of horror which it produced. I venture to give one instance: on watch at Cambrin in 1916 I passed through a firebay where a corporal was making himself some tea. A minute later a single shell pitched, as I thought, somewhere near the bay; but as I went on there was shouting and I turned back. The corporal had been hit. There was an eye under the duckboard. The sides of the trench were splashed and sodden with flesh. I cannot print more, except that later on the red-faced sergeant and myself had drunk enough rum to get shovels and sandbags. But that episode lives for me in physical sensations. No general impression could recreate it. Yet it was no unparalleled horror. Could imagination surpass the reality, the pitiful reality of such incidents? Is there any calm contemplation of them, even for the poet? Thank God, the extreme of horror usually came in such a confusion and inferno as seemed a dream and was seldom fully comprehended. It is astonishing that any realist should have been able to grapple with these monstrous days. To receive and impart such impressions argues astonishing force of mind, not less, I think, than that which saw the war in the soul.

Wilfred Owen wrote, "The Poetry is in the pity," and Mr. Murry adds, "Whatever the new generation of poets may think or say, Owen had the secret in those words." As I have remarked, the new generation of poets have not denied this, though if they did, perhaps the fact of their being the new generation would not instantly condemn them. It is, moreover, to be proved from Owen's book that sometimes the pity is in the poetry. Take "Exposure." First and foremost, it is a great and even richly colored picture of trenches—an achievement as a description of death-in-life. Pity is only a strand woven in.

I write as one whom the poems of Wilfred Owen have moved "like a passion," with the truest homage, and fearful of the slightest injustice; as a devotee of Mr. Murry's criticism; as one, too, concerned more and more with the memories of war, and immensely indebted for power to realize the experience to some others of its poets.—Yours, &c.,

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

THE SALE OF "REVIEW" COPIES.

SIR,—A few days after its publication I found a "review" copy of a book of mine for sale under similar conditions to those described by your correspondent in to-day's issue of your paper.

As it happened, however, I had inscribed the name of the paper to which the copy was sent for review, the editor being known to me personally. The culprit stood thus revealed.

I should therefore like to suggest, for the protection of authors and publishers alike, that it be adopted as a general rule to inscribe upon the *main title-page* the name of the paper to which the copy is sent for review, so that the name cannot be removed without mutilating the book. This may tend to mitigate the abuse complained of.—Yours, &c.,

A. WOHLGEMUTH, D.Sc. (London).

70, West End Lane, London, N.W. 6.

VOLTAIRE, NOT NAPOLEON.

SIR,—It is strange to find an old mistake cropping up again in the pages of THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM. The disparaging remark about Dante's reputation, referred to in this week's issue (p. 712), was *not* made by Napoleon, but by Voltaire, in the article on Dante which appeared in his "Dictionnaire Philosophique" (1764). It seems to be the "Dictionary of National Biography" which (for once) is responsible for giving currency to an erroneous attribution (article on H. F. Cary). Dr. Paget Toynbee, in his invaluable storehouse of critical treasures and curios, "Dante in English Literature," has already pointed this out, and he also gives (i., 207) Voltaire's article, which was indubitably a great obstacle to the revival of interest in Dante during the later eighteenth century. Voltaire's precise words were, "Sa réputation s'affermira toujours, parce qu'on ne le lit guère"—at the time a true as well as a witty remark.—Yours, &c.,

R. W. KING.

University College of North Wales, Bangor.

THE EAST AND WEST POSITION.

SIR,—Your correspondent Mr. Alfred Wilson is quite wrong in saying that "the East and West convention is a North European custom solely." It has been from the beginning the orthodox and universal use of the whole Church. All the churches of the East, from which Christianity came to Italy and to the North alike, are built East and West. I am perfectly aware that there is a certain laxity in the observance of this rule in Italy. The only ancient churches which are exceptions to it are the Roman basilicas, or town halls, which were taken over by the Church as places of Christian worship. Their existence has probably formed a precedent in Italy. I know, of course, that the High Altar of St. Peter's is to the West, and also that the Pope celebrates standing behind it, facing the people, but "looking still to the East." It seems to me, however, that modern Rome is in many things careless and unmindful of the tradition. The sentence quoted by Mr. Wilson really meant "A Latin saint would not have allowed any feeling for Nature to stand in the way of the practice of the observances of the Church."—Yours, &c.,

THE REVIEWER.

VIENNA RELIEF FUND.

	£	s.	d.
Amount already acknowledged in THE NATION	1,564	4	5
E. Keppel Bennett, Esq.	1	5	0
	£1,565	9	5

[We are obliged to hold over a letter from Mr. Edward Jenks on *Martial Law*; and other important communications.—ED., NATION.]

Poetry.

A SECOND INNOCENCE.

WITH thy strong tide of beauty I must go,
Where my love leads I follow in her tow;
And all my hope is that I sing for her
Fresh songs whose breath is April's all the year.

There, with the flowers and butterflies, and bees
That grumble more the more their blossoms please—
We'll live secure from this vain world's pretence,
Till we acquire a second innocence.

We'll shun all human scandal, though our words
May oft discuss the private life of birds,
And, prying into every move and sound,
Surprise a bee before his blossom's found.

W. H. DAVIES.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

REVENUE is coming in very well, and the activities of the taxgatherer are a strong influence in the money market. In the week ended February 19th the Treasury were able to reduce the floating debt by no less than £31.5 millions, repayments of Treasury Bills exceeding sales by £11.9 millions, and £19.6 millions being knocked off Ways and Means Advances by the Bank of England and public departments. It looks as if the Chancellor's revenue estimates for the fiscal year will be substantially exceeded, but they will need to be, in view of the heavy supplementary estimates coming before Parliament. Since the close of 1920 the floating debt has been reduced by, roughly, £80 millions, while in the same period about £21 millions of external debt has been repaid. In the first seven weeks of 1921 the currency notes circulation was reduced by over £31 millions, but allowance must, of course, be made for the fact that the circulation is always swollen at the end of the year by special requirements.

The result of the Four Towns Loan is somewhat puzzling. There was no great difference in the nature of security which the four towns had to offer, but while the Nottingham and Newcastle sections were greatly oversubscribed, the underwriters have to take up substantial proportions of the Birkenhead and Salford sections. The scrip of the two former is quoted at a premium, and that of the two latter will probably follow suit when the market has had a little time for digestion.

BANKERS AND OVERSEAS CREDITS.

In the debate on unemployment in the House of Commons the Prime Minister laid on the Bankers the blame for the failure to establish a scheme of trade credits for Europe. The Bankers, he complained, would not take their share of "abnormal risk," and he even hinted that political motives might be involved in the refusal to do so. The accusation of political motive in this connection is so extravagant that it answers itself. But as regards the main question of the Bankers' attitude towards abnormal risk, even the humblest student of finance, let alone an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, should know that it is upon the avoidance of "abnormal risk" that this country's great banking system has been built up, and depends for its maintenance of stability and liquidity. If our great Joint Stock Banks took to gambling—which in effect is what the Prime Minister attacks them for not doing—the eventual evil results for the nation at large would vastly exceed the good done by any number of emergency export credit schemes. The Banks are the sheet anchor of British credit, and the proposal that they should throw to the winds the traditions of conservative finance and overstep the limits of commercial risk, is surely one of the most amazing and dangerous financial doctrines ever propounded from the Treasury Bench. Bankers, no doubt, will ignore it, and continue their attempts to contribute to the solution of the export credit problem on practical lines, though such official attacks upon them can scarcely help matters. But Bank depositors and shareholders might have been excused for feeling perturbed by this extraordinary official attempt to revolutionize the canons of sound banking policy. And they are not likely to be persuaded that they—a section of the nation—should shoulder abnormal risks in a scheme devised to benefit the whole nation. Surely the abnormal risk, if such be inevitable, must in fairness be borne by the whole nation—i.e., the taxpayers. The steadiness of the Bank share market testifies to the unshakeable public confidence that Bankers will not yield on such a vital question to official attacks. Mr. Lloyd George's remarks suggest a picture of the "Big Five" Chairmen buttoning up their pockets and refusing to help their country out of personal spite against the Government—a bright, if rather far-fetched joke, were the matter not quite so serious. Perhaps some caricaturist will tackle the theme.

PRIOR CHARGE RAILWAY STOCKS.

In the continued stock market *malaise* the most disquieting feature is the sharp decline in British railway debenture, guaranteed, and preference stocks. At times

some difficulty is experienced in selling the last-named. Such a state of affairs is explicable solely by the fact that confidence in the Government's intention to deal fairly with the railways has been rudely shaken. I adhere to the view that the Government cannot really mean to follow a policy which would amount to repudiation of contract, and that consequently the gloom, based on the fear of such intentions, is being overdone. Nevertheless, the fall will probably continue for a time, unless something is done to restore public assurance. Sir E. Geddes's answers to questions in the House of Commons on the Colwyn Report this week have so far merely served to aggravate anxiety. The important points in these answers (see Hansard, Vol. 138, No. 5, pages 529-31) were that in his opinion the Colwyn Report—which practically recommended breach of contract—"is entitled to and will receive public confidence"—a phrase which probably means nothing, but has caused fresh nervousness; that the companies are pressing for an extension of the period of guarantee, and that the future of the railways is to be the subject of legislation this session—facts that everyone knew before. The matter is a very serious one for many trustees and many thousands of small investors. Cannot Sir E. Geddes do something at once towards relieving an anxiety that surely cannot be entirely well-founded?

NITRATE SHARES.

Chilean nitrate was in demand during the war for purposes of explosives manufacture. The Armistice closed that demand, and for a considerable time thereafter the world's purchasing and transport organizations were too deranged to permit of nitrate being largely exported from Chile for its legitimate peace-time use as a fertilizer. The year 1919 was therefore a very bad time for the industry. In 1920 a great recovery was hoped for and seemed to be certain. Demand revived strongly in the early months of the year, and nitrate shares enjoyed a little boom. Right up to August optimism was maintained, but thereafter the world-wide depression began to develop, and caused a curtailment of nitrate demand and a fall in nitrate prices. Producing companies' results in 1920 were very much better than in 1919, but the improvement fell short of expectations. The share market has fully shared in the general demoralization of all types of industrial security, and in many cases share prices to-day are well below the lowest touched in 1920. The immediate position of the industry is not too bright. Existing stocks of nitrate are heavy, and any substantial recovery in demand must depend upon the passing of the economic depression both in Europe and America. Nevertheless the need for supplies of the fertilizer is acute over wide tracts of the world's chief agricultural areas, and any improvement in world economic conditions should reflect itself in the nitrate market. A favorable point in the outlook for nitrate shares is the continuance until 1924 of the Association of Producers, which should help to steady markets and create confidence. It would seem not unlikely that nitrate shares have just about reached the bottom of their long decline, and that a discriminating purchase of a share in one of the stronger producing companies might yield profitable results in the course of a few years.

BRADFORD DYERS: BOVRIL.

The Bradford Dyers' Association increased their net profits in 1920 to £892,445, which compares with £842,241 in 1919 and £583,804 in 1918. Allocations to depreciation and reserve are increased, the ordinary dividend reduced from 22½ to 20 per cent., and last year's huge carry forward slightly increased. Employees' benefit funds receive no less than £160,000 out of the year's profits. The accounts of Bovril Ltd. for 1920 show an increase in gross profits as a result of a record volume of business, but net profits fell below the previous year's record level, being £179,239, against £216,895. This was partly due to the fact that the 6 per cent. five year notes ranked for a full year's interest. The 8 per cent. dividend on the ordinary shares is maintained and the carry forward slightly reduced.

L. J. R.



THE ATHENÆUM

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1921.



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The World of Books.

A YOUNG poet, criticizing our issue of last week, strongly disapproved the allotment of five columns to a review by Bernard Shaw. He could not have shown more repugnance for a mummy at a festival. So might bacchanals, in the height of their enjoyment, resent the apparition of an immortal stultifying their transient sunlight, who smiled darkly (amused by their capers) because he knew the length of their hours and their doom. Is it possible that much of our immediate dislike of G. B. S. comes of our unexpressed conviction of his dreadful superiority as a writer, and of our fear of his greater knowledge? Is it nice to feel that another man in your own line of business not only knows it so much better but will surely prove it disastrously if you get into his light? Possibly G. B. S. ought not to remind us that he is a man of genius, even in fun. He might spare us that, for what is fun to him is diabolic insult to the gravel-rashed and the abolished; they feel it in their bones.

I SUPPOSE this generation will never forgive our greatest polemical writer since Swift for that little pamphlet of his on Common Sense published, I think, in 1914. Never! We don't admit we even remember that warning. Is it likely we should? But we do remember it, and the recollection is bitter. For the ruthless, though good-tempered, critic of our ways was right; and he was right so soon; and we were all so ferociously indignant at the time; and have learned since, with ruin about us, that if then we had been reasonable, instead of angry, we might have averted the disaster which, alas, proved he was right. It is unforgivable that he should be right as well as cleverer. Is it possible to forgive superiority for smiling now when it points out that the penalty for persisting in our folly (which was clearly indicated to us in good time) is what it is, when indeed we know it?

SHAW'S use of our language is so masterful that, like Swift's, it makes any answer to it sound like a penny whistle after a thunderstorm. Even when you are right, and he is wrong, judicious onlookers are more likely to admire his skill than your correctitude. There is only one way of combating such men, and that is to ignore them; but they see to it that we have no

chance of doing that. Let us suppose they could be ignored. May we ask the poets what sort of a place an Athenæum would be if, when one of the few living masters of prose (which is the same as saying one of our most original thinkers) desired to enter, we did not, as it were, lay the ceremonial carpet at the entrance? What if people dislike him? Whenever were the supreme admonishers of folly loved by their contemporaries? It is not for the staff of an Athenæum to allow the little prejudices and resentments common in their own day to deflect them from a plain duty when one of the great is at the door. Anyhow, a century from now the way we should have regarded him will be clearly understood.

WHEN this argument was shown to the poet, he admitted its validity; for even the poets, now and then, will confess, under pressure, that there is something in good prose. He even admitted that five columns of Shaw were not too much, after all, but might be only luck. Yet, said he, consider his subject! Hyndman! Revolution! What have these to do with literature? Were there no poets to consider?

A DELICATE question, that last! I did not answer it, with so many poets about, and myself with not a single verse (even in a lady's album) to my credit. It is not for me to argue with a poet about poetry, though one cannot help having opinions concerning it when a large quantity of poetry has to be read in manuscript. This, however, I should like to say to my poet, and to all young poets who may have resented the gift of so much space to a revolutionist on revolution. Shaw, I think, was discussing last week a subject of first consequence to all people to whom those things proper to the auditorium of an Athenæum are important. The arts and sciences cannot do more than begin to live in a community of nomads. Society must have become settled, and there must be found in it security and leisure, before original minds will begin to flower. I hear that one of the most famous of modern astronomers died recently of privation in Austria. If there is a child in Berlin to-day who might, as things were six years ago, have equalled Mozart, he has now to do what he can without milk. The fierce opponents of waste in England, with Dean Inge to voice privileged culture for them, have decided that the free education of a Newton will be an extravagance, if he happens to be in an elementary school. For the fact is the war has destroyed or weakened many of the under-props of European society, and if the ignorant and violent-minded of all kinds continue their work much longer, there will be no employment for poets and such, other than hunting for a bare crust, for some time to come. It is necessary that we should understand that it is ridiculous to wait expectant of revolution. It is upon us. The end of the war was only the fall of the curtain upon its first act. And all who care for the survival and the continuance of the best work of man should be really eager to learn what the mind of a Shaw thinks about it.

H. M. T.

Short Studies.

LIFE OF MA PARKER.

WHEN the literary gentleman, whose flat old Ma Parker cleaned every Tuesday, opened the door to her that morning, he asked after her grandson. Ma Parker stood on the doormat inside the dark little hall, and she stretched out her hand to help her gentleman shut the door before she replied. "We buried 'im yesterday, sir," she said quietly.

"Oh, dear me! I'm sorry to hear that," said the literary gentleman in a shocked tone. He was in the middle of his breakfast. He wore a very shabby dressing gown and carried a crumpled newspaper in one hand. But he felt awkward. He could hardly go back to the warm sitting-room without saying something—something more. Then because these people set such store by funerals he said kindly: "I hope the funeral went off all right."

"Beg parding, sir?" said old Ma Parker huskily.

Poor old bird! She did look dashed. "I hope the funeral was a—a—success," said he. Ma Parker gave no answer. She bent her head and hobbled off to the kitchen, clasping the old fish bag that held her cleaning things and an apron and a pair of felt shoes. The literary gentleman raised his eyebrows and went back to his breakfast.

"Overcome, I suppose," he said aloud, helping himself to the marmalade.

Ma Parker drew the two jetty spears out of her toque and hung it behind the door. She unhooked her worn jacket and hung that up too. Then she tied her apron and sat down to take off her boots. To take off her boots or to put them on was an agony to her, but it had been an agony for years. In fact she was so accustomed to the pain that her face was drawn and screwed up ready for the twinge before she'd so much as untied the laces. That over, she sat back with a sigh and softly rubbed her knees. . . .

"Gran! Gran!" Her little grandson stood on her lap in his button boots. He'd just come in from playing in the street.

"Look what a state you've made your gran's skirt into—you wicked boy!"

But he put his arms round her neck and rubbed his cheek against hers.

"Gran, gi' us a penny!" he coaxed.

"Be off with you, Gran ain't got no pennies."

"Yes, you 'ave."

"No, I ain't."

"Yes, you 'ave. Gi' us one!"

Already she was feeling for the old, squashed, black leather purse.

"Well, what'll you give your gran?"

He gave a shy little laugh and pressed closer. She felt his eyelid quivering against her cheek. "I ain't got nothing," he murmured. . . .

The old woman sprang up, seized the iron kettle off the gas stove and took it over to the sink. The noise of the water drumming in the kettle deadened her pain, it seemed. She filled the pail, too, and the washing-up bowl.

It would take a whole book to describe the state of that kitchen. During the week the literary gentleman "did" for himself. That is to say, he emptied the tea leaves now and again into a jam jar set aside for that purpose, and if he ran out of clean forks he wiped over one or two on the roller towel. Otherwise, as he explained to his friends, his "system" was quite simple, and he couldn't understand why people made all this fuss about housekeeping.

"You simply dirty everything you've got, get a hag in once a week to clean up, and the thing's done."

The result looked like a gigantic dustbin. Even the floor was littered with toast crusts, envelopes, cigarette ends. But Ma Parker bore him no grudge. She pitied the poor young gentleman for having no one to look

after him. Out of the smudgy little window you could see an immense expanse of sad-looking sky, and whenever there were clouds they looked very worn, old clouds, frayed at the edges, with holes in them, or dark stains like tea.

While the water was heating, Ma Parker began sweeping the floor. "Yes," she thought, as the broom knocked, "what with one thing and another I've had my share. I've had a hard life."

Even the neighbors said that of her. Many a time, hobbling home with her fish bag she heard them, waiting at the corner, or leaning over the area railings, say among themselves: "She's had a hard life, has Ma Parker." And it was so true she wasn't in the least proud of it. It was just as if you were to say she lived in the basement-back at number 27. A hard life! . . .

At sixteen she'd left Stratford and come up to London as kitchen maid. Yes, she was born in Stratford-on-Avon. Shakespeare, sir? No, people were always asking her about him. But she'd never heard his name until she saw it on the theatres.

Nothing remained of Stratford except that "sitting in the fireplace of a evening you could see the stars through the chimley," and "Mother always 'ad 'er side of bacon 'anging from the ceiling." And there was something—a bush, there was—at the front door, that smelt ever so nice. But the bush was very vague. She'd only remembered it once or twice in the hospital when she'd been taken bad.

That was a dreadful place—her first place. She was never allowed out. She never went upstairs except for prayers morning and evening. It was a fair cellar. And the cook was a cruel woman. She used to snatch away her letters from home before she'd read them, and throw them in the range because they made her dreamy. . . . And the beetles! Would you believe it?—until she came to London she'd never seen a black beetle. Here Ma always gave a little laugh, as though—not to have seen a black beetle! Well! It was as if to say you'd never seen your own feet.

When that family was sold up she went as "help" to a doctor's house, and after two years there, on the run from morning till night, she married her husband. He was a baker.

"A baker, Mrs. Parker!" the literary gentleman would say. For occasionally he laid aside his tomes and lent an ear, at least, to this product called Life. "It must be rather nice to be married to a baker!"

Mrs. Parker didn't look so sure.

"Such a clean trade," said the gentleman.

Mrs. Parker didn't look convinced.

"And didn't you like handing the new loaves to the customers?"

"Well, sir," said Mrs. Parker, "I wasn't in the shop above a great deal. We had thirteen little ones and buried seven of them. If it wasn't the 'ospital it was the infirmary, you might say!"

"You might, indeed, Mrs. Parker!" said the gentleman, shuddering, and taking up his pen again.

Yes, seven had gone, and while the six were still small her husband was taken ill with consumption. It was flour on the lungs, the doctor told her at the time. . . . Her husband sat up in bed with his shirt pulled over his head, and the doctor's finger drew a circle on his back.

"Now, if we were to cut him open here, Mrs. Parker," said the doctor, "you'd find his lungs chock-a-block with white powder. Breathe, my good fellow!" And Mrs. Parker never knew for certain whether she saw or whether she fancied she saw a great fan of white dust come out of her poor dear husband's lips. . . .

But the struggle she'd had to bring up those six little children and keep herself to herself. Terrible it had been! Then, just when they were old enough to go to school her husband's sister came to stop with them to help things along, and she hadn't been there more than two months when she fell down a flight of steps and hurt her spine. And for five years Ma Parker had another baby—and such a one for crying!—to look after. Then young Maudie went wrong and took her sister Alice with

her; the two boys emigrated, and young Jim went to India with the army, and Ethel, the youngest, married a good-for-nothing little waiter who died of ulcers the year little Lennie was born. And now little Lennie—my grandson. . . .

The piles of dirty cups, dirty dishes, were washed and dried. The ink-black knives were cleaned with a piece of potato and finished off with a piece of cork. The table was scrubbed, and the dresser and the sink that had sardine tails swimming in it. . . .

He'd never been a strong child—never from the first. He'd been one of those fair babies that everybody took for a girl. Silvery fair curls he had, blue eyes, and a little freckle like a diamond on one side of his nose. The trouble she and Ethel had had to rear that child! The things out of the newspapers they tried him with! Every Sunday morning Ethel would read aloud while Ma Parker did her washing.

"Dear Sir,—Just a line to let you know my little Myrtill was laid out for dead. . . . After four bottles . . . gained 8 lbs. in 9 weeks, and is still putting it on."

And then the egg-cup of ink would come off the dresser and the letter would be written, and Ma would buy a postal order on her way to work next morning. But it was no use. Nothing made little Lennie put it on. Taking him to the cemetery, even, never gave him a color; a nice shake-up in the 'bus never improved his appetite.

But he was gran's boy from the first. . . .

"Whose boy are you?" said old Ma Parker, straightening up from the stove and going over to the smudgy window. And a little voice, so warm, so close, it half stifled her—it seemed to be in her breast under her heart—laughed out, and said: "I'm gran's boy!"

At that moment there was a sound of steps, and the literary gentleman appeared, dressed for walking.

"Oh, Mrs. Parker, I'm going out."

"Very good, sir."

"And you'll find your half-crown in the tray of the inkstand."

"Thank you, sir."

"Oh, by the way, Mrs. Parker," said the literary gentleman quickly, "you didn't throw away any cocoa last time you were here—did you?"

"No, sir."

"Very strange. I could have sworn I left a teaspoonful of cocoa in the tin." He broke off. He said softly and firmly: "You'll always tell me when you throw things away—won't you, Mrs. Parker?" And he walked off very well pleased with himself, convinced, in fact, he'd shown Mrs. Parker that under his apparent carelessness he was as vigilant as a woman.

The door banged. She took her brushes and cloths into the bedroom. But when she began to make the bed, smoothing, tucking, patting, the thought of little Lennie was unbearable. Why did he have to suffer so? That's what she couldn't understand. Why should a little angel child have to arsk for his breath and fight for it? There was no sense in making a child suffer like that.

. . . From Lennie's little box of a chest there came a sound as though something was boiling. There was a great lump of something bubbling in his chest that he couldn't get rid of. When he coughed the sweat sprang out on his head; his eyes bulged, his hands waved, and the great lump bubbled as a potato knocks in a saucepan. But what was more awful than all was when he didn't cough he sat against the pillow and never spoke or answered, or even made as if he heard. Only he looked offended.

"It's not your poor old gran's doing it, my lovey," said old Ma Parker, patting back the damp hair from his little scarlet ears. But Lennie moved his head and edged away. Dreadfully offended with her he looked—and solemn. He bent his head and looked at her sideways as though he couldn't have believed it of his gran.

But at the last . . . Ma Parker threw the counterpane over the bed. No, she simply couldn't think about it. It was too much—she'd had too much in her life to bear. She'd borne it up till now, she'd kept herself to

herself, and never once had she been seen to cry. Never by a living soul. Not even her own children had seen Ma break down. She'd kept a proud face always. But now! Lennie gone—what had she? She had nothing. He was all she'd got from life, and now he was took too. Why must it all have happened to me? she wondered. "What have I done?" said old Ma Parker. "What have I done?"

As she said those words she suddenly let fall her brush. She found herself in the kitchen. Her misery was so terrible that she pinned on her hat, put on her jacket and walked out of the flat like a person in a dream. She did not know what she was doing. She was like a person so dazed by the horror of what has happened that he walks away—anywhere, as though by walking away he could escape. . . .

It was cold in the street. There was a wind like ice. People went flitting by, very fast; the men walked like scissors; the women trod like cats. And nobody knew—nobody cared. Even if she broke down, if at last, after all these years, she were to cry, she'd find herself in the lock-up as like as not.

But at the thought of crying it was as though little Lennie leapt in his gran's arms. Ah, that's what she wants to do, my dove. Gran wants to cry. If she could only cry now, cry for a long time, over everything, beginning with her first place and the cruel cook, going on to the doctor's, and then the seven little ones, death of her husband, the children's leaving her, and all the years of misery that led up to Lennie. But to have a proper cry over all these things would take a long time. All the same, the time for it had come. She must do it. She couldn't put it off any longer; she couldn't wait any more. . . . Where could she go?

"She's had a hard life, has Ma Parker." Yes, a hard life, indeed! Her chin began to tremble; there was no time to lose. But where? Where?

She couldn't go home; Ethel was there. It would frighten Ethel out of her life. She couldn't sit on a bench anywhere; people would come arsking her questions. She couldn't possibly go back to the gentleman's flat; she had no right to cry in strangers' houses. If she sat on some steps a policeman would speak to her.

Oh, wasn't there anywhere where she could hide and keep herself to herself and stay as long as she liked, not disturbing anybody, and nobody worrying her? Wasn't there anywhere in the world where she could have her cry out—at last?

Ma Parker stood, looking up and down. The icy wind blew out her apron into a balloon. And now it began to rain. There was nowhere.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

Music.

YOUNG ENGLAND.

THE first music that I heard on returning home after four months in Germany was a Patrons' Fund rehearsal at the Royal College of Music. It is a matter of luck on these occasions whether one chances to hear anything of outstanding merit. If one cannot form very decided judgments on the works of our young composers, one can at least pursue curious researches into the mentality of those nameless authorities responsible for the selection of the programmes. There was one work played through the other morning which caused no little stir among the audience. It posed a problem which was discussed in a sort of operatic *ensemble*, though the music itself was intelligible to the meanest capacity. The question at issue was what had induced the makers of the programme to recommend it for performance. There could be but one answer, they must have put it in because nothing could have been more typically English. A few bars of it were enough to assure me that I was once again in England—was I at a ballad concert or in church? It seemed to be much the same thing anyway.

In Germany, if one wanted to hear "Elijah" or Brahms's "Requiem," it was to a church and not to a concert-room that one had to go; but otherwise one could live in the midst of the musical world without ever hearing church music so much as mentioned. And there are plenty of bad concerts in Germany; soon after my arrival I was simple-minded enough to attend a recital of "modern songs" by a famous singer. Thenceforth I carefully avoided song-recitals, "modern" or classical. Germany has no ballad concerts after the English pattern; but Germany has ballad-concert audiences, and the ballads in which they delight are such things as the ballads of Loewe. Which, I wonder, is the worse—to hate music because it is foreign and strange, or, because it is one's own, to have to be ashamed of it as well? The choosers of the Patrons' programme are wise men; every now and then at their feasts they draw aside the curtain and exhibit our *memento mori*.

Not all of those whom they patronise are in their first youth; but perhaps a composer is always to be considered young as long as his works are unperformed. What gives one cause to rejoice in England is that the really young and problematic composer has other chances of being heard besides those offered him by the Patrons' Fund. In Germany it was hardly possible ever to hear the work of any composer under forty. Needless to say, various good reasons were given to me: if I had only come to Germany a month earlier, or stayed three days longer. . . . There existed, indeed, a society for performing the works of the young; unfortunately, its funds had been exhausted just before my arrival. It is perfectly true that financial difficulties stand in the way: orchestral players demand higher fees, and all the expenses of concert-giving have increased. For this reason it is safer to stick to the established classics. When I suggested that modern works should be smuggled into popular classical concerts after the London fashion, I was severely reprov'd for my lack of good taste. A programme must be an organic whole with a sense of style in its composition. I was obliged to admit that our English programmes are almost always a hotch-potch, and it is worth noting that French critics, too, say just the same thing of them.

Yet I cannot help feeling that in Germany there is as much cant about the world of music as there is in England about the world of religion. One reason why the young composer in Germany has such a poor chance is that people are all so terribly frightened of the critics. The critics know it, and delight in their tyranny. Here in England, one often hears musical critics spoken of by musicians with contempt, but never with fear. It is the tradition of German criticism to be learned, patriotic, and severe. Very few of them regard it as their first duty to discover unfolding genius, very few of them write criticism that is attractive for the ordinary person to read. The one man who writes with real intelligence and style is regarded by his colleagues as a dangerous character. For us in England, who are obliged to earn our living by scribbling about music, it is a very good thing that no one attaches much weight to our opinions. There is not one of us who is able, or who is even so foolish as to think that he is able, to make or mar an artist's reputation. The most influential are, as a matter of fact, the kindest, indeed, the most indiscriminately kind. Learning is tedious, patriotism ridiculous, and severity incompatible with good manners.

Not all the works which I heard at that Patrons' Fund rehearsal were so aggressively English as the one to which allusion has been made. The other two were sharply individual, for nationalist criticism perilously cosmopolitan. To a listener whose ears were still full of the sound of German music they were none the less English. They did not proclaim their nationality, thank goodness; but they were works such as no real Continental composer would have written. German music, even when it adopts whole-tone scales and duplicate tonality, is still to a large extent dominated by the shadow of Wagner. Some composers prefer "Meistersinger," others "Tristan"; but in either case one perceives, as one listens carefully, the slow heave and fall of Wagnerian harmony. It matters little that the

"minor horrors" of the modern orchestra scamper more or less erratically over the distended surface of the respectable corporation—*bien nourri*, as Ebenezer Prout used to say—of strings and brass. It was a welcome contrast to hear in Berlin the works of Busoni, lithe sinuous, and Italian, mocking at sentiment, yet with a power of rising to real sublimity. If any young composers should be capable of sublimity, it should be those who can trace their artistic descent from Hubert Parry, and there are certainly two or three among our young men who already hint at the promise of such things. The besetting sin of English art has always been provincialism. England has always tended to be a hundred years behind the times in artistic movements, even when those very movements were initiated by the genius of individual Englishmen, men appreciated and acclaimed everywhere but in their own country. English music is, at this moment, a hundred years behind the times, because it is still essentially aristocratic, and thus essentially amateur. It is this quality that makes German musicians condemn English music, even when they have every personal prejudice in its favor, as being hopelessly "primitive." Only England could have produced a Pearsall, contentedly composing madrigals in complete and devoted misunderstanding of the Elizabethans, or a Samuel Butler who could not see why one should wish to speak any other language than that of Handel.

Some of our young composers are already conscious of this national defect. Determined as they are to overcome it, they have sought at all costs modernity of style, virtuosity of harmonic and orchestral technique. They have thrown sentiment to the winds, and their music is doubtless the fresher and the more bracing for that. But they might still turn to Germany to observe the sense of philosophic idealism which more than anything else keeps German music alive at the present day. It is of little use to sacrifice sentiment if nothing is to be left but trivial frivolity. We have been cut off from German music for seven years, and Germany has for those seven years been cut off from the music of all other countries. It is just the moment when German music and English music need each other's fertilizing and corrective influence. Young musicians in Germany are dimly aware of it. They are at any rate dissatisfied with German music, and keenly curious to know what is going on in England. English music, in so far as it represents an ideal of life and not mere individual vanity, would find at this moment a cordial welcome in Germany. Young Germany is willing enough to learn what may be worth learning from England. And England might learn from Germany, not the technical details of composition, but the value of music as the profoundest influence in the nation's spiritual life.

EDWARD J. DENT.

Science.

THE INHERITANCE OF MODIFICATIONS.

In biology, it is still possible for the most profound speculation to be indulged in by amateurs, without their being considered intruders or charlatans. Was not Darwin himself a country gentleman? In chemistry and physics the amateur is automatically barred unless his purse can run to a private laboratory; the same is true of physiology and pathology, and is becoming true of experimental zoology. But the experimental study of evolution is still in its infancy; and so long as it is possible for simple observation to proceed direct to interpretation, so long will the speculative amateur hold his place in biology.

There is a vast deal of observation which can be carried out in this way, by scattered amateur workers, to their own advantage and to that of science; and speculation, to the speculatively minded, is the reward of labor and the goal of fact. But the difficulty which the isolated amateur will have in checking his theory against the theories of others will, in these days of superabundant periodicals and books, be enormous, away

from technical libraries. Now and again he will make a brilliant shot, but too often his conclusions will be vitiated by his incomplete acquaintance with the work of others, or with general scientific method.

Mr. Kidd* has made some interesting observations on the direction of the growth of hair in mammals; and from these observations he draws far-reaching conclusions regarding the inheritance of acquired characters. Now this question of the inheritance of acquired characters, as well as being one of the thorniest problems in biology, is of the utmost importance to the whole theory of evolution and to all sociological practice. More ink has been wasted over it than over almost any single non-theological subject; its partisans and its opponents proclaim their position often with the most dogmatic intolerance.

The theory of the inheritance of acquired characters, or, as it is better called, of the inheritance of modifications, states that differences between individuals which are due to different habits or conditions of life may be, if only in a small degree, transmitted to subsequent generations. If a plant grows in the Alps instead of in the valleys, it will be low-growing, with long root, and with leaves of different shape; if one son in a family becomes a miner, and the other a clerk, their muscular development will be different; if an animal recovers from certain diseases, it will have acquired an immunity which is not innate in the species. The question at issue is whether the changes thus impressed by the mode of life upon the developing animal or plant are transmitted in any degree to its offspring, whether they will appear in its descendants even if the causes which first induced them should no longer act.

During most of last century, this conclusion was taken to be obvious and inevitable, and far-reaching theories of human progress were based on it. A father can transmit to his heir an improvement in his fortune; is it not natural that he should be able to transmit improvements in his constitution, betterments of his mental and moral self? Nay, if he could not, where would progress be? How should we ever hope that education would achieve its objects? In brief, if the inheritance of modifications be a fact, it would speedily help us to the millennium; if it be not, the wheels of humanity's chariot would be stuck, and mankind plunged in gloom . . . *ergo*, it must be a fact.

Such arguments were current in post-Darwinian speculation. The genius of Weismann pricked the bubble. By careful analysis, he showed that most of the cases on which the theory rested were not valid; he inaugurated a period of scepticism, the result of which has been to leave not one single unexceptionable demonstration of the transmission of an acquired character.

Weismann, like many another reformer, went too far. He laid down propositions no less dogmatic than those of his opponents, and asserted not only that the germ-plasm, the hereditary constitution, was not usually altered by influences affecting the rest of the body, or soma; but that it could not be so altered. If the germ-plasm is, as it must be, a material substance, it must be theoretically possible to influence it by altering the working of the soma. Only we shall not expect to find that an alteration of the body—for instance the larger muscles of the miner—should exert just such an unimaginable influence on the particles in the germ which represent muscles, as to make them give rise to larger muscles in the next generation. As Weismann said, that would be as if, on sending a telegram direct from Paris to Berlin, we found that it had arrived in German, although we had dispatched it in French.

The truth of the matter seems to be that great precautions are taken in most organisms to prevent changes in the soma from affecting the germ-plasm. Experiment reveals this remoteness, this aloofness of the germ-plasm, in the least likely organisms. For instance, Jollos succeeded in acclimatizing a strain of the single-celled animal, *Paramecium*, to a much higher concentration of poison than it can ordinarily tolerate. This immunity persisted for several months (in other words, for a very

large number of generations), even when the strain was replaced in normal surroundings. At first sight, this would appear to be clear proof of the inheritance of a modification. But after a certain time, the immunity began to fade spontaneously, and eventually disappeared; still more important, it only lasted so long as reproduction was asexual. After conjugation, even of two immune animals, it disappeared entirely and at once. We know that in *Paramecium* the germ-plasm of the race is contained in a special nucleus which remains dormant save at the time of conjugation, when it produces a new vegetative nucleus to carry on the ordinary business of life. So that even though the germ-plasm of the race be contained in the same tiny cell which is modified by external agencies, it can slumber on in constancy, waking to produce the old form once more when the upstart change has had its day.

Mr. Kidd comes none the less to tilt against the old windmills. The book contains rather an intolerable deal of sack in the shape of citations from various authorities (when will the human mind learn that authority does not spell truth?) together with numerous parables, digressions, and anecdotes, not always to the point. Even if printing were not so expensive, a third of the letterpress might profitably have been cut out.

His actual observations are of considerable interest. In each species of mammal, the direction of the hairs in different parts of the body is constant, and there exist curious whorls or crests where a change of direction occurs. Mr. Kidd has assembled a mass of facts concerning the different direction-patterns in different species, the variations within single species, and the modifications induced by environment. He shows with perfect clearness that in the horse, for instance, definite and constant alterations of pattern are brought about by the pressure of harness. But he then goes further and insists that such modifications are inherited.

After much speculation, it was a welcome change to read the title of Chapter XV.—“Experimental” (the remaining twenty-three chapters being frankly theoretical). But in spite of its title, the evidence here brought forward is not experimental. The fact of the matter is that horses are about the worst animals that could be chosen to prove such a thesis, since their long life and large size render experiment on an adequate scale quite impossible. Mr. Kidd finds that some horses exhibit a peculiar pattern on the throat; he assumes that this is always due to the pressure of the collar; and when he finds it transmitted from mare to foal (four cases in all!), claims this as an “experimental proof” of Lamarckism. Surely Mr. Kidd must either have an extraordinary belief in scientific gullibility, or else be altogether unacquainted with the sort of tests which are regarded as essential in any genetical experiment. If there is one fact which has emerged sharply from the last twenty years' experimental breeding, it is that no one can tell whether any given character is a modification or an innate variation without considerable breeding tests.

Mr. Kidd makes a large assumption; and then, on the strength of the assumption, erects a still larger superstructure of theory. Let him realize that the facts he gives, however suggestive, do not provide one single tittle of proof for his theory. If he really wishes to put it to the test, let him take quick-breeding mammals like rats or mice, and produce heritable modifications of hair-pattern in them. That is perfectly within the range of possibility. But until he produces evidence on those lines, let him not add to the already overwhelming mass of sterile speculation.

To return to more solid earth, the evidence we have to-day, while still incomplete, points ever more strongly to the complete or almost complete non-inheritability of modifications. As a matter of fact, a little reflection will show that if this were not the case, three-fourths of the human race would be in a very bad way. One of the perennial and agreeable surprises of life is to find what a high level of possibility inheres in children from the worst possible environments. In spite of generations of bad sanitation, overwork, disease, and illiteracy, the germ-plasm, securely locked away within the body's transitory casket, preserves the power of budding out

* Initiative in Evolution. By W. Kidd, M.D., F.R.S.E. (Witherby, 15s. net.)

individuals capable of the fullest development, both physical and mental. If in any large measure the inheritance of acquired characters were a fact, the vastest possibilities would open up to human improvement; but meanwhile, the bulk of the human race would have been brought to such a level of stunted degeneracy that life would long ago have been intolerable. J. S. H.

Reviews.

JOHN KEATS, 1795-1821.

The Poems of John Keats. Edited with Introduction and Notes by E. DE SELINCOURT. Fourth revised edition. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)

Keats: An Anthology. Poems Selected and Edited by T. J. COBDEN-SANDERSON. (Cobden-Sanderson. 8s. 6d.)

The John Keats Memorial Volume. Issued by the Keats House Committee (Lane. 25s.)

"I SHALL be with the English poets after my death," wrote Keats, and Matthew Arnold, in one of his most famous essays, replied with an enthusiasm of which the courage may easily be forgotten: "He is; he is with Shakespeare!" With Shakespeare indeed—his fingers touching Shakespeare's hand—in the ideal sphere of great poetry, Keats is also with us. We know him; we can, if we will, make him one of our familiars, think his thoughts, rise on the strong, impatient wings of his enthusiasm, suffer his sufferings. Never was a man's heart so exposed to us as Keats's; never did a man arise from the most hostile scrutiny more indisputably great—great in his actual poetic achievement, great in his possession of the rarest faculty of all, the power and the desire to make his nature single, to refine his own being, in the words of Anton Tchekhov, "to squeeze the slave out of himself."

When all the turmoil of æsthetic debate is over, the simple fact remains that the highest triumphs of art are possible only to those who have achieved in themselves a purity of soul. This is not the purity enjoined by the preacher, though it is not wholly of another kind; but it is rich and positive where the other may too often be poor and negative. The purity of the great artist is based upon a profound acceptance of experience, and the endeavor always to find some point of hidden strength within himself from which he can at once submit himself to life and comprehend it. From this point slowly grows the core of a true personality, in which all men may recognize the movement of their own souls. From this source is drawn that element which we all dimly distinguish as the mark of the great poet—his universal validity. He reveals to us the truth of life, a truth which the inspection of the intellect could never discover, but which is produced almost as naturally as a fruit from a flower, out of the mysterious centre where all experience is reconciled.

It has been pointed out by Mr. Clutton-Brock, in one of the most valuable of all the modern essays upon Keats, that he was perhaps the first of the English poets who was a pure artist. In a sense he anticipated that intense devotion to art as an end itself which was to be characteristic of the effort of a Baudelaire and a Flaubert in France. Keats, indeed, from his earliest days absolutely devoted himself to poetry; he would be a great poet or die. By a strange yet fitting decree of destiny he did both. During his years of apprenticeship he lived wholly within the universe of poetry, so much that even Nature, which he loved and knew, was measured by literature.

"Blades of grass
Slowly across the chequer'd shadows pass.
Why you might read two sonnets, ere they reach
To where the hurrying freshnessee aye preach
A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds."

No wonder then that the recurrent theme of all Keats's earlier and immature poetry is the longing to be a poet. Timidity gives place to a sudden rush of vehement enthusiasm, and sinks again into a mistrust of his powers; and it is no accident that the two finest poems of his early period, "Sleep and Poetry" and the sonnet on Chapman's Homer, are, one an account of his own devouring desire to achieve poetry, and the other the utterance of his enchantment under the spell of the greatest poem of all.

Keats is, indeed, the first and the father of all "profes-

sional" poets as we conceive them to-day. He knew by instinct that the art of poetry was not only a sufficient but the supreme discipline for a man; the age of poets competent *de omni re scibili* was past. Coleridge was proving to the world how omniscience led the springs of true poetry into the desert waste, and of Wordsworth Keats was asking—and surely with justice—"for the sake of a few fine imaginative or domestic passages are we to be bullied into a certain philosophy engendered in the whims of an egotist?" while to Shelley Keats was turning with the command of one who already spoke with authority, and bidding him be a true artist and "load every rift with ore." Keats stands on one side of the line which divides the present from the past; he believed in and he practised poetry for its own sake. It is this purely artistic austerity which first brings him, or should bring him, into closest communion with ourselves.

But when we have recognized him as the first and immeasurably the greatest of all "modern" poets, we have to examine him and discover what manner of man he was. We have no right to claim him as a leader, unless we are prepared to follow him whither his devotion to poetry for its own sake led him. Modern poetry will have to follow Keats to the last extremity if it is to leave behind it work which will arouse the loving admiration of a hundred years hence as his does now. The development of Keats is simple, even though the process of disentangling it from his wonderful letters demands patience and pains. He came to see that the pursuit of poetry for its own sake could remain a truly satisfying ideal only if he could believe that poetry was the highest of human activities. That he could believe, but he could believe it only on condition that poetry must be deliberately made in the highest degree significant. It must be not romantic and beautiful, but true; it must be adequate to all our human experience. The poet who is less than a seer and a prophet, who shrinks before the painful attempt to express the deepest truth he feels ("feels" rather than "knows," for Keats rightly mistrusted the distorting tyranny of man's rational part), is also less than the man who devotes himself to the immediate good of mankind. In the bitter words of self-reproach used in the revised introduction to "Hyperion," he is become "a dreamer weak"; and in the terrible symbolism of that revision, whose cardinal importance for the history of Keats's development is now being slowly recognized, the poet is saved from destruction only because he bears "more woe than all his sins deserve," because

"Thou hast felt
What 'tis to die and live again before
Thy fated hour; that thou hadst power to do so
Is thine own safety."

He is saved because he has submitted himself utterly to experience and made the pain of the world his own.

We may say that Keats, during his last year of poetic activity, came to believe that the poet was in some sort the scapegoat of humanity, one who fronted experience on behalf of mankind. And so it was that in one of his serene letters, which bears in it no trace of the hysteria by which his biographers endeavor to explain it away, he declared that he did not wish to publish any of the poems in the "Lamia, Isabella" volume, on which his fame securely rests. It was in this mood—not one "of fierce injustice to his own achievement," as Sir Sidney Colvin thinks, but of pitiless self-examination in the fierce light of his own ideal—that Keats turned away from "Hyperion" as the product of "art alone." He had learned that a great and ever greater humanity, the complete sacrifice of the poet's self to the truth which life leaves in him, was the end of the pursuit, which he had begun so gallantly and followed so bravely, of poetry for its own sake.

Keats is still, in the general mind, the poet of beauty. If we estimate him by his achieved poetry alone, the verdict is fair and true. But it is not by virtue of his beauty that he is with Shakespeare. We have to take together the Keats of the letters and the Keats of the poems; and each gains vastly in significance. We then have before us a great man, even though he is in years but a boy, a man of single nature, infinitely rich, infinitely human, beautiful as we can imagine only the young Shakespeare to have been beautiful. Only then do we see his achievement in the vast perspective of his powers and his determination to use them to the

highest end; only then do we mark the magnificent courage with which he "squeezed the slave out of himself." Then all the cloying lushness of his early work dissolves away; and then we can see the monstrous injustice of that familiar parrot-criticism that Keats had a "vulgar" conception of love. Influenced by this, even Arnold could wish that the letters to Fanny Brawne had never been published. Yet these wonderful letters round off the completeness of Keats, finally establish his claim to greatness. They show us that in him life and poetry were one, that he knew that only the man who exacted the highest from himself in love could exact the highest from himself in poetry. Once more we are told that it was only hysteria which drove him to demand, again and again in his appealing letters, the most perfect, utter chastity in thought and gesture from Fanny Brawne; in truth he called upon her, as a true lover could but do, to reflect the ideal which he had discovered for himself. She, too, must "squeeze the slave out of herself."

And because of these undiscerning prepossessions it is not yet generally realized that the two "Odes to Fanny" contain some of the finest love-poetry in the language. Here again Mr. Clutton-Brock has deserved well of us by insisting upon the significance of these poems, as containing at least an indication of the "new poetry" of which Keats had had a vision. The closing verse of the first Ode to Fanny indubitably has something of the temper which would have marked the period of Keats's full mastery:—

"Ah! if you prize my subdued soul above
The poor, the fading, brief pride of an hour;
Let none profane my Holy See of love
Or with a rude hand break
The sacramental cake:
Let none else touch the just new-budded flower;
If not—may my eyes close,
Love! on their last repose."

Yet even more certainly in the few lines discovered hardly more than twenty years ago by Mr. Forman we thrill to the promise of new power, and we begin to understand what Keats meant when he wrote in November, 1820:—

"Wonders are no wonders to me. I am more at home amongst Men and women. I would rather read Chaucer than Ariosto. The little dramatic skill I may as yet have, however badly it might show in a Drama, would, I think, be sufficient for a Poem. I wish to diffuse the coloring of St. Agnes' eve throughout a poem in which Character and Sentiment would be the figures to such drapery. Two or three such Poems, if God should spare me, written in the course of the next six years, would be a famous *gradus ad Parnassum altissimum*. I mean they would nerve me up to the writing of a few fine Plays—my greatest ambition—when I do feel ambitious."

Keats had paid the price of his knowledge of Characters and Sentiments. The precious fragment shows us how he would have used his knowledge. We may look upon it as all that remains to us of those "few fine plays" which were never to be written:—

"This living hand, now warm and capable
Of earnest grasping, would, if it were cold
And in the icy silence of the tomb,
So haunt thy days and chill thy dreaming nights
That thou wouldst wish thine own heart dry of blood
So in my veins red life might stream again
And thou be conscience-calmed—see here it is—
I hold it towards you."

Keats's poetry is familiar to the world. But the familiarity becomes perfunctory, and the meaning of his later fragmentary work, because it is less perfect on its own more exacting level than the "Odes" and "Hyperion," is not fully realized. Yet without this later work we fail to see Keats's deepest significance, the one on which before all others we may usefully insist on the centenary of his death. Keats was the type of the great poet, less in his actual achievement than in his inward composition. He belonged by his nature to the handful of the elect, and he is the greatest poet of whom we know enough to be certain what that nature is.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

THE ATTITUDE OF WILLIAM JAMES.

The Letters of William James. Edited by his Son, HENRY JAMES. Two vols. (Longmans. 42s. net.)

If we say that William James was an ordinary man and, further, an ordinary American, we do so without any desire to make him unimportant. It is a mark, indeed, of the false

standards to which we have grown accustomed that such a disclaimer should be necessary. For William James's very great value to the modern world is to be found precisely in the fact that his appetites and desires were normal, and that it was to serve the instincts of the ordinary man that he devoted his exceptional constructive and expository powers. He was spokesman for the majority, and to know their wishes he had only to consult his own heart. Certainly he felt more keenly and understood more subtly than they, and for this reason he would sometimes walk faster than they could follow; he had the long legs of the elder brother, but he was never a stranger, making for an alien home. This point could easily be brought out by making a list of his likes and dislikes, but we can get at the root of the man more swiftly by taking the following extract from a letter to his wife:—

"I have often thought that the best way to define a man's character would be to seek out the particular mental or moral attitude in which, when it came upon him, he felt himself most deeply and intensely active and alive. At such moments there is a voice inside which speaks and says: 'This is the real me!' And afterwards, considering the circumstances in which the man is placed, and noting how some of them are fitted to evoke this attitude, whilst others do not call for it, an outside observer may be able to prophesy where the man may fail, where succeed, where be happy and where be miserable. Now, as well as I can describe it, this characteristic attitude in me always involves an element of active tension, of holding my own, as it were, and trusting outward things to perform their part so as to make it a full harmony, but without any *guaranty* that they will. Make it a guaranty—and the attitude immediately becomes to my consciousness stagnant and stingsless."

To William James, as to most of us, life, to be worth living, must hold a conditional promise. One must feel that activity, not a static state of contemplation, is the true end of our being. And the activity must be worth while; there must be the promise, or, at least, the possibility of a glorious if indefinite goal, and the co-operation, if not precisely of you and me, yet of mankind as a whole. This adventurous and hopeful feeling, applied to philosophy, will reject finality, and, applied to ordinary human relations, will reject exclusion. Instead of the Absolute we shall have a pluralistic universe still in process of becoming, and instead of iron "laws of thought" we shall be sympathetic and attentive to the "varieties of religious experience." In William James this attitude was not only human, it was American. His sympathy with all under-dogs was the product, not only of his theoretic objections to a closed universe with a settled hierarchy, but of his profoundly democratic sentiments. He could see no reason why one should assume that a greater measure of the truth had been vouchsafed to a Cambridge rationalist than to an illiterate Shaker.

With this democratic insistence on the possible value of every human being went a democratic dislike for all forms of aristocracy. Why are believers in the Absolute, he asks, so conceited? This feeling that one man is as good as another, or, at least, that it cannot be proved that he is not, led, finally, to a scepticism of those differences which the ordinary man, however democratic, humbly accepts. He writes:—

"As for me, my bed is made: I am against bigness and greatness in all their forms. . . . So I am against all big organizations as such, national ones first and foremost; against all big successes and big results; and in favor of the eternal forces of truth which always work in the individual and immediately unsuccessful way, under-dogs always, till history comes, after they are long dead, and puts them on the top."

In some mouths a statement of this kind would betray envy and resentment at lack of recognition. But in James it springs from a better and deeper sentiment. For one thing, he was not unsuccessful; he was, indeed, genuinely astonished at the high place Europe accorded him. He was sometimes perplexed by the subtle logic of some of his opponents. But he was not shaken by it, and his favorite weapon of humorous description was adequate to all such occasions. His sentiment was the outcome partly of a genuine humility and charity, and partly of his profound distrust of all "big results."

It was inevitable that he should have this distrust, for he was "alive" in the sense that the ordinary man is alive and most philosophers are not. Faced by a complete philosophic system, James was chiefly impressed by what it left out. These thin, delicate webs, beautifully articulated, spun

by ingenious, studious, and, for the most part, thoroughly respectable men, hardly fitted life as James knew it. He knew something of morbid psychology, he had something of the artist's sympathy with the color and riot of life, he guessed that there might be truths in a dipsomaniac's attic that were hidden from the wise and prudent of an Oxford college—and, in brief, he felt, like us, that professional philosophy was a rather futile business. Mr. Santayana has suggested, in his recent delicate study, that James's respect for a philosophy seldom survived a meeting with the philosopher. And, indeed, a meeting of the Aristotelian Society. — But although God, moving in His mysterious way, may have selected dons as his messengers, there can be no doubt that James, in this prejudice also, was at one with the ordinary man. And it suggested to him his favorite method of attack. What sort of man does the philosophy reveal? He did not spend much time on answering arguments and refuting conclusions; he was much more interested in discovering what qualities in the man made these exercises so satisfactory to him. And when he discovered, as he often did, that they were the outcome of qualities not wholly sympathetic, he felt at complete liberty to ignore them. The method is sound, and it is sound because philosophy is not a science.

Why, then, did James concern himself with philosophy? In the first place, he had a strong religious vein, he disliked discipline, and his emotions were not sufficiently intense nor his perceptions sufficiently keen for him to be an artist. The patience and caution of the scientific worker, and the scanty results that reward the effort, were intolerable to James. And then he had the very human and very American desire to pass rapidly over the "preliminary inquiry" stage and to attack the main problem. He was conscious, himself, that he was a little too eager for "results." But he had genuine needs to satisfy. What is man's relation to the universe? Does death end all? And man to whom these are burning questions would find the scientific life one of suspended animation. These questions, also, would prevent him from being absorbed completely in any art. Moreover, he had sufficient of the artist in him to know that he was not one. As things stood, and considering the nature of his needs, it is sufficiently clear that James must have been a philosopher. As such he achieved a more complete self-expression than almost any other philosopher of his time, and the man expressed, in his likes and dislikes, his humor, his impatience, his limitations, is nearer to us than almost any one of his contemporaries.

THE ECONOMICS OF EMPIRE MAKING.

An Economic History of Rome to the End of the Republic. By TENNEY FRANK, Professor of Latin in the Johns Hopkins University. (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press.)

It might seem a little surprising to the lay mind that the first attempt to write the economic history of Rome should come from the pen of an American professor in the year 1920. The obvious reason for the previous avoidance of the theme is the difficulty of the task, owing to the lack of easily interpreted data. Roman history received little attention until Rome was already a World Power, and for two centuries after a beginning had been made it was written by men who were absorbed in politics and diplomacy. As a consequence the economic historian of Rome has to reconstruct laboriously from casual remarks of the historians, from scattered allusions of poet and philosopher, and, above all, from that great mass of ambiguous material which the modern science of archaeology has placed within his reach. From such material Professor Frank has reconstructed for us the solid background across which the pageant of Roman history moves, the while the city set upon the seven hills becomes an Empire in all but name. The economic history of the Empire has yet to be written, but on this, too, the present volume throws light, for after all the Republic shaped most of the ideas and institutions which we associate with the word Rome.

The theme which emerges most clearly from this survey of six centuries is the Roman preoccupation with the policy

of expansion, and the intimate connection between that policy and the Roman system of land distribution. We see Rome under the Etruscan domination occupied with agriculture, simple, unprogressive, untouched by the hectic civilization of the dominant race. The intensive methods of agriculture and consequent density of population of the Latian Plain in the sixth century B.C. is a cardinal fact in the history of Rome. This was a crucial condition of the production of those armies which overran the limits of Latium and overwhelmed all obstruction when once they were set in motion, a condition which enables us to understand why Veii fell, why Rome was so quickly rebuilt after the great fire, and why Campania looked to Rome when threatened by the Samnites. The throwing off of the Etruscan yoke, the establishment of the Republic, the setting up of the Tribunate: all these crises have their economic aspect which has been perhaps under-estimated by the political historians. Yet if one fact is clearly established it is Rome's constant subordination of the mere economic motive to the obsession of the policy of Empire-building. This from a very early date became the conscious absorption of the Roman aristocracy. This policy was never deflected from its path by temporary economic conditions. Soil exhaustion in Latium played a great part in Roman history. There were recurrent waves of land hunger which were the natural consequence of agricultural conditions where the shallow soil was formed by comparatively recent alluvial deposits.

Rome met the disease by an efficient remedy, but she used it in moderation. Each step forward in the process of territorial expansion in Italy was followed by the granting of some part of the conquered lands in small holdings to Roman citizens. There can be no doubt that mere economic prosperity would have been better served by the working of large estates; while even a more lavish distribution of small holdings would have been popular. But Rome's preoccupation was with the secure inclusion of the new lands within her ever-growing hegemony. Her motive in granting the small holdings was not primarily to meet an economic need, but to ensure the maintenance and growth of that citizen army which was the indispensable means of her further expansion. On the other hand, the conquered territories must not be swamped by an indiscriminate introduction of new blood. Such a policy would have militated against the development of those conditions which led the allied peoples to throw in their lot wholeheartedly with Rome. In this, as in so many other directions, the Roman instinct for moderation and a sort of rough justice emerges. Yet certain economic reactions followed almost automatically from the recurrent availability of good lands. Rome lagged behind lamentably in the spheres of industry and commerce. Her insularity was nevertheless perhaps the main source of her strength, but the narrowness which it begot finds deplorable illustration in the history of her art.

In 264 B.C. Rome came to the parting of the ways. For the first time she acquired non-Italian territory in contesting the possession of Sicily with Carthage. From this time Roman history seems to become at once more complex and more familiar. The terrible drainage of the Punic Wars ruined agriculture and exhausted the population. For the twelve years of the Second Punic War the battle-line swayed backward and forward across Central and Southern Italy. When all was done the land lay in ruins; the populous and flourishing Greek cities stood empty but for a handful of famine-ridden survivors. There was now no question for a generation or two of land hunger. The need was for men. An immense impetus was given to the growth of large plantations in a few hands, worked by slaves, drawn largely from prisoners of war. A hundred years later the issue of the conditions now sown is seen in the Gracchan Revolution. In the history of that Revolution one reads the beginnings of Rome's decline. For sixty years before the Gracchan reforms, though war casualties were negligible, the citizen population had not increased. Society was represented by swollen landowners, immense hordes of slaves, and a small proportion of free laborers, whose conditions of life were brought to the touchstone of those of the slaves. Apparently the free peasantry lost courage, and withdrew to the provinces or into the slum

population of the cities. There is no element of progress here. "In a thousand years of Rome's history there is not one labor strike recorded." The young aristocrat Tiberius Gracchus fell back inevitably on the ever-recurring panacea for Rome's evils—agrarian reform. The reclaiming of public lands from the encroachments allowed after the Punic Wars and the revival of the policy of colonization are probably answerable for the increase of 73,000 names on Rome's citizen list in the year 125 B.C. But the Gracchi were balked in the completion of their programme. The statesmanlike scheme for granting citizenship to all possessors of Latin rights, and *Latinitas* to all other Italians, was defeated. The disappointment thus caused was one of the main factors in bringing about the devastating social war.

The material for the study of the social and economic sides of Roman life during the later Republic is naturally more abundant than for the earlier periods. The writings of Cicero furnish by no means despicable material. Evidence from inscriptions on tombs becomes more abundant and valuable, and some vision of Roman life may be gleaned from the arrested details of the daily round which excavation has revealed in the skeleton streets of Pompeii. Most interesting perhaps to the modern reader is the analysis made possible by such material of the changes which had taken place by the time of Cicero in the lower strata of the Roman population. The testimony of the inscriptions, that the slave element from the East overwhelmed the Roman element, is irresistible. The slaves, sure of their sustenance, multiplied exceedingly even in urban aristocratic households. On the large estates their children counted to the landowner for gain. It was partly the prevalence of these large estates, practically self-sufficing, which prevented the growth of anything like a factory system—this and the traditional Roman disdain for trade which kept capital chained to the land. The preference of the great landowners for slave labor, which was not liable to interruption by military service, gave an added impetus to the process by which the free men dwindled while the slaves increased. It must, however, be remembered that it was slavery with a difference. There was nothing in outward seeming to distinguish bond from free.

It is a far cry from the Rome of the Tarquins to the Rome of Cicero. In the pages of this small volume the details of social and economic change may be appreciated. It forms a convincing, scholarly, and fascinating contribution indispensable to the student of Roman history.

THE NEW, NEW STORY.

Forward from Babylon. By LOUIS GOLDING. (Christophers. 8s. 6d. net.)

The Age of Innocence. By EDITH WHARTON. (Appleton. 8s. 6d. net.)

Snow Over Elden. By THOMAS MOULT. (Heinemann. 9s. net.)

Two out of the three novels with which this article is concerned revolve round the modern theme of the conflict between the younger and the older generation; and even in the third, "Snow Over Elden," Mr. Moulton protests a little too much against the intrusion of the new to be altogether innocent of contrasting it with the old. The new, new story, unless it is exceptionally well done, bids fair shortly to become as hackneyed as the old, old story.

"Forward from Babylon" presents the problem, in one sense, in a familiar form—that of the rebellion of the child against the doctrines of the father. The rather less familiar setting of a strict Jewish household in the alien surroundings of a dreary English town, and the way Mr. Golding gives us its atmosphere, lift his novel distinctly above the level of stories of this class. The first chapter, with its picture of old Reb Monash, the fanatical Hebrew father, as he sits telling the tale of the family's flight from Russia, years before, is in itself an achievement. Among his breathless listeners sits his son, little Philip Massel, "his second-hand velvet suit fraying against the oven," his eyes big with "horror of the immense, inscrutable place" described. The story of the flight from indescribable pogroms, in the

crowded emigrants' cart, forms a vivid introduction to the book.

"Oh, what a wind was blowing! Knives! Packed like dead men in coffins we were! Then the driver cracked his whip and we were away. It was a desolate country, only we could see the long road in front, and overhead the cold clouds and the fir trees running along the road by our side, patiently, like wolves! We could only hear the wind and the bells of the horses and their hoofs, click-click, click-click, hour after hour. But though the wind blew so cold in our faces, there was no room to breathe, no room. To stretch out the chest, an impossible thing."

More families are piled into the cart. Little Rochke at his wife's breast cries for food—"And so crushed were we that there wasn't even room to feed the child, though everybody understood and tried to make room." There is for the reader a touch of irony in the satisfaction with which the pious old Jew brings his account to an end because the child thus killed at least received a holy burial. But Philip "was too young to be comforted by the thoughts of the propriety with which the incident had closed. He could only see very clearly the figure of his mother, blank-eyed, her hands empty, standing alone in Babylon, in that bleak Russian night."

The drama revealed in this first chapter accounts for much in the development of the little boy who inherits his father's imagination and gift of speech, but not his father's passionate devotion to the faith for which such tragedies have been endured. The later chapters of the book, except, perhaps, those which describe the death and funeral of Chayah, and the ritual of the Day of Atonement, do not quite recapture the atmosphere of the earlier ones relating to Philip's childhood. We are growing a little tired of analytical descriptions in our fiction of the perfectly normal awakening of sex in the young human being, and there is very little in Philip's case that differentiates this process in him from the same process in other heroes of recent fiction. Another weakness in what is, nevertheless, a book of serious merit, is the rather abrupt and inconclusive ending. Our hope that this may mean a continuance of Philip Massel's career in a future book is tempered by our sense of having been thus cheated out of a more interesting climax to his first novel.

Throughout Louis Golding's novel we see the continual conflict between the old generation and the new, intensified by the existence of strong affection on both sides. In "The Age of Innocence," Edith Wharton paints for us a similar situation, though in another rank of society, as it existed in the New York of the 'seventies. It is true that the atmosphere of her latest novel is so widely different from that of Mr. Golding's as to make the word conflict quite inappropriate. The few people who seem to possess feelings in the decorous and limited circle of society depicted for us by Mrs. Wharton, spend most of their time in concealing this indiscretion of theirs from the rest of the set among whom they move. Of the two rebels in the story, the one settles down meekly with his wife to an uneventful married life, during which neither ever mentions to the other the hidden scandal that nearly wrecked their respectability; while his partner in a guilt that never materialized—the most human person in the book—goes off obediently to exile in Europe, with an allowance from the family, whose one object it is to hush everything up, at whatever cost of humanity or happiness. We all know that kind of society, which is not confined, indeed, to New York or to the period of fifty years ago. The author handles her theme with admirable skill and not a little irony; and the picture left in our minds of a soulless society, rotten with hypocrisy and artificiality, is flawless. Especially clever is her portrait of the perfect wife, the dull product of the ignorance in which young girls were kept in the 'seventies, whom her husband saw, looking at her photograph years afterwards, still as

"generous, faithful, unwearied; but so lacking in imagination, so incapable of growth, that the world of her youth had fallen into pieces and rebuilt itself without her ever having been conscious of the change. This hard, bright blindness had kept her immediate horizon apparently unaltered. Her incapacity to recognize change made her children conceal their views from her as Archer had concealed his; there had been, from the first, a joint pretence of sameness, a kind of innocent family hypocrisy, in which father and children had unconsciously collaborated."

All the same, one cannot help wondering if the treatment of such a theme, good as it is, quite makes up for the choice of subject. There must have been a real New York as well as an artificial one, even in the last century. Mrs. Wharton does not give us a hint of it. She even makes us suspect her, in the last chapter, of a lurking preference for the "old ways." If we misjudge her here, we still feel that the tepid passions of a moribund society are hardly worth the trouble she has spent in analyzing them. There is not a human being in the book, except, perhaps, the scapegrace Countess who goes to Europe, for whom we care a jot. Perhaps it would be as true to say that there is not a human being of any kind in the book.

Not having an intimate knowledge of the language talked in Derbyshire, we do not know if the Shakespeare-cum-Chaucer English used throughout "Snow Over Elden" accurately represents the way that a young and educated farmer of the Peak district, well read in the poets and a poet himself, would write a narrative. But we confess to finding it an irritating medium for conveying the love story which is the main incident of this tale of simple happenings. Here is a specimen of Mr. Moul's method:—

"Indeed it was exquisite, that Twelfth Day E'en kitchen as I viewed it from the triumphant snugness of my ingle corner, the central figure my father himself at the beginning of the story-telling, his voice rich and ripe in its enjoyment as one of our apples, and my mother busy at the knitting that clicked in merry manner her anticipation: Kitty nestling at the tale-teller's feet on the soft, white hearthrug of sheepskin, and turning her supple neck every now and then and smiling into his face: Joan betwixt the three of them, two deep crimson roses on the table behind her lifting their beauty like a diadem just above the dusk of her hair until it seemed they nestled there," &c., &c.

Those who are not discouraged by this rather exuberant way of presenting simple things will certainly like "Snow Over Elden."

Foreign Literature.

MEDIEVAL FRANCE.

French Civilization from its Origins to the Close of the Middle Ages. By ALBERT LÉON GUÉRARD. (Fisher Unwin. 21s. net.)

READERS of "French Civilization in the Nineteenth Century" will open another book by its author with hopeful anticipation, which, in the present case, will not be disappointed. M. Guérard has given us a remarkably judicial and objective account of medieval France and its origins—thoroughly readable and in every way a model of what the French call "vulgarization."

Some interesting questions are raised by the introductory chapters on the land and the people. The author holds France to be predominantly a Northern, not a Mediterranean, nation, and shows how the predominance of the North came about. He insists, however, on the astonishing variety of types in France, which makes it so difficult to form a judgment about the French people, and on the contrast between natural diversity and historical unity. "Provençal and Norman belong to different worlds: yet Provençal and Norman are both distinctly French." Although a return to "healthy regionalism" would, in Professor Guérard's opinion, "be an excellent thing for an over-centralized nation," the French nation is, perhaps, more "one and indivisible" than any other. The process that made it so is, he thinks, at work beyond it, and "the larger unit is only waiting for our formal recognition." At least, France shows the possibility of unity in diversity.

The Middle Ages have been the subject of bitter controversy, and opinion about them has undergone violent changes of fashion. After having long been contemptuously dismissed as hopelessly "dark" and barbarous, they became a golden age in which "England was merry England," and perfect happiness was secured by the beneficent influence of the Church and the Feudal system. Professor Guérard's picture of medieval France resembles neither of these, for his sole concern has been to get at the facts so far as they can be ascertained, instead of relying, like too many writers about the Middle Ages, on

his imagination. His judgments, even if one does not always agree with them, are free from partizanship. It is clear, for example, that he is not a Catholic, but his judgments are often more lenient than those of the Catholic Lord Acton.

It is very difficult for us to understand the Middle Ages, which seem further from us than ancient Greece or Rome. Professor Guérard suggests what seems to be the true explanation: that "the Middle Ages were simply immature. There is hardly any trait of medieval psychology that is not found in the children of to-day." He puts the beginning of the Middle Ages properly so-called somewhere about the end of the tenth century—a very reasonable definition. Roughly speaking, medieval France began with the election of Hugh Capet to the French throne in 987. There was every reason why this period should have been immature, for it had been preceded by five centuries that may accurately be called the "Dark Ages." Professor Guérard, being a historian and not a controversialist, indulges in no fantasies like those of Mr. Belloc. "The Barbaric invasion," he says, "meant a relapse into barbarism—a relapse which lasted five hundred years." "Bad as were the centuries of Pagan decadence, the Christian Dark Ages are worse." Charlemagne did something to restore order and to remedy abuses both in Church and State, although not quite so much as legend has attributed to him. But his work survived him very few years. There are not many parallels to the corruption of the Church and the barbarism of society in the ninth century. And, as Professor Guérard says, Charlemagne's "idea of Empire proved a curse to Germany and Italy—a curse from which France was, fortunately, exempt." Only in the tenth century did civilization again begin to dawn after a night of five hundred years. The Middle Ages had to begin all over again; they were, in fact, the childhood of modern civilization, and the Renaissance was its youth.

It is commonly held that the Middle Ages were an example of order and unity. That is not Professor Guérard's judgment. He is struck by their heterogeneity. There was, as he says, every reason why medieval culture should be less homogeneous than ours. "In the course of the fourth and fifth centuries three elements had been violently thrown together: the tradition of Pagan and Imperial Rome, Christianity, and a flood of Barbarians. The result was chaos." Out of that chaos the beginnings of order at last began painfully to emerge in the Middle Ages. Professor Guérard shows that Feudalism in France "was, at first, chaos roughly organized; later on, confusion perpetuated by custom." The usual definitions of Feudalism are *ex post facto* and derived from the feudists of the thirteenth century, who codified the *régime* when it was already on the wane. It is a "retrospective Utopia." The ideal of property as a trust or a reward for personal services was, no doubt, better than the later conception of property as a sacred right, but in fact it was never realized. Guizot declared Feudalism to be a confusion of property and authority. But property is, in fact, the basis of authority, and Feudalism was a frank and brutal recognition of the fact, which is less evident now that the possession of property no longer confers the legal right to rule, but no less existent. As Professor Guérard says, rich and poor do not wield equal power in a democracy.

The Church played an important part in bringing order out of chaos. "Medieval France," says the author, "was not primarily monarchical France, or feudal France, but the French province of Christendom." Theocracy played the part of the Roman Empire, but with less success! There was no *Pax Romana* in medieval Europe. The Church, for a time, prevented Europe from falling to pieces, but the old unity was never restored, and the consciousness of nationality, which developed in the Middle Ages, ultimately triumphed. Professor Guérard is probably right in thinking, in spite of appearances to the contrary, that Europe is nearer to genuine unity now.

Great as were the services of the Church to medieval Europe, they are often exaggerated, and there is another side to the picture. Contact with Arabic civilization did more than the Church for Western culture in the twelfth century. The Church reserved education as an ecclesiastical monopoly; the object of the village school was to

train candidates for Holy Orders. Repression delayed the advance of science for centuries. Even painting suffered to some extent from the fact that the wealth of the Church made it the best customer of the painter. Painters were limited to a few subjects, always the same, and the representation of the nude was forbidden. A desire to evade the latter prohibition caused the popularity of the Martyrdom of St. Sebastian as a picture subject. Ecclesiastical authority sometimes defended the oppressed, more often it was on the side of the oppressors, and the Church in medieval France became gradually more and more identified with absolutism. The identification became complete in the seventeenth century. The absorption of the Church into the Feudal system made it inevitably the defender of property and privilege. Hence its opposition to the communal movement in France. The insurrection of the people of Laon in 1112, in which the bishop, Gaudri, was murdered, was one of many similar incidents. Since Church property belonged to God, it could never be surrendered. So the Church refused to free its serfs, and serfdom lingered on some ecclesiastical estates until the Revolution. The serfs of the Abbey of St. Claude were freed in 1789.

In France the monarchy was the centre of unification. But it cannot be assumed that the centralization of France was an unmixed blessing, or that a different evolution would not have been better. The barbarous suppression of the Albigensians in the thirteenth century—that "White Terror" of the South—which gave Languedoc to the French Crown, destroyed a civilization greatly superior to that of the conquerors, and may have had incalculable consequences. Who knows what the evolution of France would have been had Southern civilization prevailed? The South was the stronghold of the communal movement and "the Southern cities became veritable republics in miniature." The monarchy encouraged the communes when it suited its purpose. Louis VII. helped them in the domains of other lords, but suppressed them, if possible, in his own, just as modern States, says Professor Guérard, "have been known to advocate self-determination and democracy beyond their borders." But the communes, like the Feudal system, eventually succumbed to the monarchy, partly, no doubt, through their own fault. French democracy was stifled in its cradle, and when it was reborn centuries later, its authors killed it, by aggravating the centralization that had previously been its doom. "The national State," to quote Professor Guérard, "was not the only conceivable framework for our civilization. . . . It may not have been for the best interests of France that the 'universal spider,' the monarchy, caught these curious little urban States into its nation-wide net." The persistence of the communal idea in France was shown in 1871. It may yet prevail.

DON QUIXOTE: A DISCOVERY.

Un Aspecto en la Elaboracion del "Quijote." By RAMÓN MENÉNDEZ PIDAL. (Madrid: "La Lectura," No. 240. 2ptas. 75 c.)

THE Presidential Address recently delivered before the Ateneo of Madrid was of more than usual interest. It had reference to the discovery of a comic interlude dating from about 1597, which seems not unlikely to have suggested to Cervantes the main theme of "Don Quixote"—meaning, of course, that of an elderly gentleman who has read so much of a certain subject that he perceives the whole world to be filled with it. On its discovery this "Entremés de los Romances" was attributed to Cervantes himself; but the evidence is unconvincing. It satirizes the immense popularity of the "Romancero" and other collections of Spanish ballads, especially the "Flor de Romances," which was reprinted several times between 1591 and 1597.

Bartolo is a laborer who, through reading too many ballads, has gone out of his mind (as Don Quixote did through reading books of chivalry), and tries to imitate the doings of the knights of ballad-poetry. His extravagances bear a remarkable likeness to those committed by Don Quixote,

especially at the beginning of his adventures; and what is more curious, the ballads in which Bartolo believes himself to be taking a part are precisely those which, for no apparent reason, are brought into "Don Quixote." Bartolo, for example, believes himself to be the love-sick Valdovinos in the ballad of the Marquess of Mantua; so too does Don Quixote, who keeps quoting all through the adventure the same lines as Bartolo. Bartolo and Don Quixote are eventually taken home in the same way, and both of them believe that they are acting in ballads, belonging on this occasion to those of the Moorish occupation and the Reconquista. Bartolo imagines that he is the Alcaide of Baza pouring out his woes to the Abencerraje; Don Quixote thinks that he is the captive Abencerraje talking of his lady-love to the Alcaide of Antequera.

"This interlude," said Sr. Menéndez Pidal in conclusion, "was intended to make fun of over-enthusiastic admirers of the 'Romancero,' and its author is on perfectly firm ground when he makes Bartolo think himself first one character out of the ballads and then another. Cervantes wished to condemn the reading of books of chivalry; but he goes entirely out of his way when he makes Don Quixote imagine himself involved in extravagant adventures with the same ballad-characters as Bartolo has done. . . . He realizes that the interlude in question held great possibilities of humor; but he left the ballads—which he admired—and directed the shafts of his satire on to the romances of chivalry, which, although held in abhorrence by some men at that time, were still no less fashionable than the ballads themselves."

J. B. T.

Books in Brief.

The Reign of Patti. By HERMAN KLEIN. (Fisher Unwin. 21s. net.)

IN this ample and conventional biography of Mme. Patti we have the full story of her long and triumphant career. Mr. Klein confesses to having tried to limit the use of superlatives, but if you should feel that he is inclined to exaggeration, that is because you are young and therefore "cannot conceive the wonder of the miracle that she was"; you must "be content to 'mark, learn, and inwardly' believe." For posterity it must be an act of faith; it must take Mr. Klein's word for Mme. Patti's supremacy. Throughout this long book the author maintains the note and style of the early chapters in which he introduces us to a child prodigy in the Patti family. At a very early age she seems to have startled her parents, who discovered they had brought into the world "a true vocal genius—a kind of superwoman of the singing world—in whom the lives, habits, and dispositions of this family had (for two generations at least) been preparing and building up a wonderful manifestation." She sang to Ardit and Bottesini "on the eve, so to speak, of her extraordinary career. Little did they dream then what a privilege was theirs. Still, they wept, and more than that they could not well do to manifest the sensations that the child's singing aroused in them." "Her unparalleled career" is a tried and faithful phrase, and, using it as a staff, this biography travels through its 460 pages without slipping from the level its author set for it. Mr. Klein's full-orbed enthusiasm was, it must be acknowledged, shared by the critics whom he quotes.

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The New Calendar of Great Men. Edited by FREDERIC HARRISON, S. H. SWINNY, and F. S. MARVIN. (Macmillan. 30s. net.)

IT is twenty-eight years since the first edition was published of this valuable Calendar. The biographies are still confined to the 559 worthies in Comte's Positivist Calendar. They begin with Moses and end with some of the great whose period came within the first generation of the nineteenth century. The selection illustrates Comte's theory of historical development, but, apart from his philosophical concepts, the work takes a front rank among books of reference. The present issue is a bulkier volume than the earlier one,

the work having been revised and some of the biographies extended. Only the most competent hands could condense the lives of those who were great in religion, poetry, philosophy, war, statesmanship, industry, and science, so that the reader gets a balanced and critical view of the life-work of each, and only the most competent hands have been engaged. It would be in vain to look for the names of famous men like Pompey or Napoleon; Comte included in his Calendar only those whom he regarded as contributing to human progress, to civilization. "No kind of human eminence, really useful, is omitted," said Mill, "except that which is merely negative and destructive." The contributors are E. S. Beesly, J. H. Bridges, C. H. Desch, T. Fitz-Patrick, J. Carey Hall, Frederic Harrison, Mrs. Frederic Harrison, C. Gaskell Higginson, J. Kaines, Sir Godfrey Lushington, Vernon Lushington, G. P. Macdonell, Lady Macfarren, F. S. Marvin, Alfred Senior, and S. H. Swinny.

Suvorof. By W. LYON BLEASE. (Constable. 25s.)

SUVOROF was hero and buffoon, but Mr. Blease shows he was something more. He was a complex character; his military genius is established, and his buffoonery also, however commentators try to explain it away. He is an interesting subject for a competent biographer who can see both his achievements and his vagaries in their right proportion. Mr. Blease has performed a difficult task adequately. Major-General Calwell, who writes an introduction, regards Suvorof as the foremost of Russians, with the one exception of Peter the Great, and, after Frederick, Napoleon and Wellington, as the greatest soldier of his time, although he confesses that the Russian's uncouth antics and outbursts do not leave much doubt that he was not in all respects quite right in the head. Mr. Blease follows closely Suvorof's campaigns in an effort to justify this opinion of his military capacity. He believes that Napoleon, in his Italian campaign, might have proved no match for Suvorof, and, as they were never pitted against each other, it is as impossible to disprove as to confirm this. The soldier of whom these things are said led a strange life. "He rose early, and if he showed any signs of contumacy, his servant was under strict orders to pull him out of bed by the legs. Once out of bed, he ran about the room stark naked, or in the garden clad in shirt and boots, all the time learning by heart phrases in Finnish, Turkish, or Tartar, or some other foreign language of military importance." Mr. Blease has written an engaging and useful biography.

Minor Field Sports. By L. C. R. CAMERON. (Routledge. 4s. 6d. net.)

MR. CAMERON tells us how to amuse our boys. The newly rich are usurping the legitimists. The "new poor" cannot afford the old sports. But Mr. Cameron does not despair. He knows of many minor field sports for boys "of the right stamp." Moor-hens, for instance, provide plenty of fun, they so easily lose heart when hunted in the right way. Mr. Cameron remembers hunting one on a small artificial leat with a spaniel, who flushed the bird thrice, when it dived and entirely disappeared in clear water not two feet deep. "After five minutes' search I saw its tail eighteen inches below the surface among some submerged weeds under the bank. Baring my arm, I took it out quite drowned and dead, its beak full of the weed it had clung to rather than face the chase again." Hedgehog hunting has its charms, too, but knowledge is required in the killing. If the boy's dog cannot kill, the hedgehog must be taken home in a bag: "lay this on the ground and roll the hedgehog into it with the foot—and then place face downwards into a tub containing two or three inches of water." Unlike the moor-hen, the hedgehog, rather than drown, "will presently put out its head, when a smart tap on the snout with a hammer will do its business." There is no end to these rural pastimes. No boy of the "right stamp" should neglect hawking. Sparrow-hawks must be captured on the day that they are fully fledged ("a species of minor sport in itself"). They do not, unless they have to travel, require hoods, but they do need jesses, "which should be placed upon their legs directly they are taken from the nests and never again removed." Mr. Cameron describes how to use

the hawks against blackbirds and thrushes and such vermin, and adds: "Falconry is one of the finest and oldest sports in the world; and I think I have shown that it is within the scope of the minor sportsman provided he be the right sort of boy, and will take pains and exercise patience with his hawk. These are two qualities which will make for his success in after life."

With the Indians in France. By General Sir JAMES WILLOCKES. (Constable. 24s. net.)

THIS personal narrative, written from the diaries of the Commander of the Indian Corps in France, is, from many points of view, more valuable than an official history. It is the inside of the story as opposed to its general aspect with which he is concerned. His purpose is to make the Indian soldiers and the deeds they performed understandable to English people. He is indignant with the mean criticisms passed on the part played by his troops. He points out that it was the fate of the corps to be allotted for nearly fourteen months almost exactly the same part of the front. "With two exceptions, the Indians were confined to the fronts from just north of Neuve Chapelle to Givenchy. If anyone had thought how best to dishearten good soldiers they could not have chosen a better method. Often did I urge that we might be given a change from the same bogs and swamps to somewhere North or South, but it was not agreed to." These men were in a country strangely unlike anything they had experienced or imagined. General Willocks regards as totally devoid of sense or generosity critics who do not recognise the fidelity and loyalty with which the Indians gave their lives.

From the Publishers' Table.

MR. LYTTON STRACHEY'S study of Queen Victoria is by no means the only book on the English Royal house in preparation. Sir Sidney Low has naturally been given the task of writing the life of Edward VII., with access to the State papers and the correspondence with friends and statesmen from which such a work draws its interest. These may well include the resumption from a fresh angle of the series of communications from "Willy" and "Nicky" which lately saw the light. It may be imagined that the ex-Kaiser's letters to Edward VII. do him no credit, and that if they see the light they can only strengthen the impression of duplicity which the epistles to "Nicky" conveyed.

A third memoir of Royalty will be the life of Queen Alexandra. It will contain a preface by Lady Paget, whose husband was our Ambassador at Copenhagen while the marriage with Edward VII. was being arranged. Mr. Fisher Unwin will be the publisher.

WE spoke last week of rustic anthologies. The pleasant volume "English Pastorals," edited by E. K. Chambers some twenty years ago, deals with pastorals in the stricter sense. There is certainly plenty of room and reason for an editor who is willing to take far more trouble than is required for an ordinary anthology; to search into old local publications, like the "Suffolk Garland" or "Poems by David Hurn, a Fenman," and old country newspapers; and to risk the inclusion of names that nobody ever heard of. It would be a weary business: but the result would justify it. Many a better ballad has been heard up and down the counties than what passes ordinarily for country verse.

THE poetry of Leigh Hunt has never been printed in a satisfactory edition, despite several attempts. Those who possess the rare 1832 edition, or the annoying (because exclusive) duodecimo of 1844, or the collection produced by his son Thornton Hunt in 1860, have in no case more than a third of his published verse. The posthumous selections are not easy to get, nor indeed do they err on the side of printing too much.

HUNT is largely to blame, for if he overrated his poetic genius in his early years, he as certainly underrated it in his late reflections. If only for the influence which he had upon the coloring and the cadence of English verse, particularly upon Keats and Shelley, he merits to be edited on the large scale. The news, therefore, that Mr. Humphrey Milford has now resumed the work, which he began ten years ago, of producing a complete and critical edition of Hunt's poems, is especially welcome. We gather that Mr. Milford has been largely encouraged to this by the notes on Hunt which have appeared in the *ATHENÆUM* during the past year.

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THE poems will be included in the inimitable series of "Oxford Poets," so wonderfully printed and so skilfully edited. (These books are still to be had for four shillings each; we need not comment.) For this series Mr. Milford has already edited a complete text of Cowper. In Hunt he has perhaps a more difficult, but certainly, from the associations, a more interesting task.

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THE following paragraph has been sent to us by the Society of Authors:—

"To prevent misapprehension and for the information of booksellers, Mrs. Baillie Reynolds wishes to say that the novelettes advertised by Messrs. Holden & Hardingham under the heading 'New Novels,' and entitled 'The Bailiff's Daughter' and 'In the Lion's Mouth,' are reprints from magazine work of hers issued under a pseudonym more than thirty years ago."

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THIS piece of work is explained doubtless by the fact that the publishers have purchased the copyright of the early novels. It is unfair to the author and the public alike, though conceivably the actual phrase "New Novels" applies to the first appearance in volume form of work published originally in periodicals.

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THE poems of Mr. J. M. Murry have hitherto been produced only in small private editions, and in the journals, with the exception of his poetic play. It is therefore Mr. Murry's first collection of poems which Mr. Cobden-Sanderson now has in preparation. Mr. Murry's ode to Tolstoy was one of his most recent and striking productions.

A Hundred Years Ago.

1821: THE NEWS OF KEATS'S DEATH.

ON the 8th of March, 1821, Leigh Hunt, who had feared for several reasons to send any letters to Keats at Rome, felt himself well enough to write to Severn. The letter is famous: "Mr. Brown tells me he is comparatively calm now, or rather quite so." The words bore a meaning of which Hunt was unconscious; nor can he have known what had happened for a fortnight more. The "Examiner," on March 25th, announced Keats's death.

It is tantalizing and humiliating to consider how the news was treated by the acknowledged literary journals of the time. Most of them did not treat it at all. The "Gentleman's Magazine" for March recorded: "Feb. 23. At Rome, aged 25, Mr. John Keats, the poet." The "European Magazine" ventured further: "At Rome, of a decline, John Keats, the Poet, aged 25." The "Literary Chronicle" for the last of March printed a copy of unhappy "Verses to the Memory of John Keats, the Poet, who died at Rome, 23 Feb., 1821. Aetat. 25." And the "London Magazine" for April had two notices: one, "Town Conversation: Death of Mr. John Keats," with the signature "L." There is not the slightest evidence that "L." means "Lamb." The article is disappointing. The second notice was as follows: "At Rome, of a decline, most prematurely, except for his own reputation, John Keats."

— Ille quievit

Spiritus, et pressi tacuit sacer impetus oris.

The name of this impassioned young Bard is not 'written in water,' though his poetry is certainly steeped in the deepest stream of Castaly. . . ."

An incredibly bad sonnet followed in the "London" for May, with the motto "Sic pereunt Violæ." As if to make up for this, the "New Monthly" now printed an epicidium of some length, perhaps from the pen of Hazlitt. "A name richer in promise England did not possess, and the mind insensible to the sweetness of his productions must be a miserable one. . . . His poems . . . will still be read when the sneers of ephemeral critics shall have long expired on the gross lips which impudently arrayed themselves against acknowledged truth, and the whole suffrage of the literary world."

In July the "Eclectic Review" mentioned Keats as a minor poet but not as dead. The "Investigator's" obituary was: "At Rome, in a decline, John Keats, author of 'Endymion,' and other poems." And now the "Literary Gazette" was "informed that P. Bysshe Shelley has a piece in the press in honor of the deceased poet Keats, whose death is therein ascribed to the inhumanity of his Reviewers!" We can imagine the intrepid Jerdan, editor of this farrago, awaiting "Adonais" with set jaw and quill "at the ready." When the first copies came from Pisa, he was outrun by the editor of the "Literary Chronicle," who, on December 1st, welcomed and reprinted the whole poem. A week later Jerdan, in a torrent of nonsense, made the gentle reference to "a foolish young man who, after writing some volumes of very weak, and in the greater part very indecent poetry, died some time since of a consumption," &c., suggesting also that this came of leaving off cravats.

There may have been one or two other allusions to Keats's death in the journals; Buxton Forman quotes one from the "Theatrical Pocket Magazine." But the general interest was summed up at the end of the year in the "Annual Register" (under the wrong date): "At Rome, in his twenty-fifth year, John Keats, a man of distinguished genius as a poet," with the names of his books; and in "Annual Biography": "Several memoirs, including those of . . . Mr. Keats . . . have been prepared, but were also unavoidably delayed." We may add, "and indefinitely."

It should be mentioned that in the preface to his "Garden of Florence," published in May, 1821, J. H. Reynolds paid a true and pathetic tribute to the memory of his friend; and that in November a sonnet to Keats appeared in John Clare's "Village Minstrel."

Books and Booksellers.

THERE is a strange and obscure publication, entitled "Boydell's Illustrations of Holy Writ . . . from Original Drawings by Isaac Taylor, Junior," dated 1835, which resembles the work of Blake so much that D. G. Rossetti refers to it at some length. It would form an interesting inquiry to study those works, if an appreciable number exists, in which there is some affinity to Blake. In Mr. Leslie Chaundy's forty-seventh catalogue is mentioned a copy of Alice Cholmondeley's "Emblems," sometime in the possession of Robert Browning, showing "distinct signs of Blake's influence." The price is £4. Mr. Chaundy's collection is varied and important. A MS. pedigree of Washington, made by the publisher John Camden Hotten (£100), Pickering's "Herrick," 1825, a set of first editions of Charles Tennyson Turner with several autograph inscriptions, and an album of Chinese drawings representing, besides the usual "ingenious and excruciating Tortures," trades and occupations—these are some items at random. Mr. Chaundy's address is now 40, Maddox Street.

Long runs of magazines and newspapers continue to be met with at not impossible prices. Posterity may find (if indeed posterity is interested) the periodical literature of the present day less easy to acquire. It is due to the sturdy materials and methods of former bookbinders that the momentary prints of the Regency survive; but calf and money are not so readily lavished now, even upon journals that deserve to live.

Exhibitions of the Week.

Grosvenor Galleries: Reopening Exhibition.

THE exhibition at the reopened Grosvenor Galleries provides food for serious thought. It raises, for example, the question of the relation between traditional and experimental art, which is of considerable importance at the moment. For our artists, though sharply divided into camps, have certain common characteristics, one of which is a boundless admiration for the past. All the English painters of the day, Academicians and Grosvenor Gallery men no less than the Cubists and Expressionists, seek inspiration from museums rather than from life. All know their National Gallery by heart; most know the Louvre and Prado; many have visited Italy and the Netherlands; and they have all turned the pages of countless books of reproductions, so that they are equally familiar with the masterpieces and monuments of the last thousand years in Europe and the East, and can trace the various threads of development and recognize the various traditions. Where they differ one from another is in the capacity to interpret the significance of the traditions. Some, whom for purposes of convenience we will call "imitative traditionalists," select an artist or group of artists whom they admire, or whom it is the fashion among their acquaintance to admire, and try to paint similar pictures. To this end they imitate the general appearance of the painting and the technical means employed. Traditionalists of this kind are never, of course, artists of the first order. They produce, at best, school pieces, and, at worst, mere caricatures of work which they cannot understand. Others, whom we may call "experimental traditionalists," make their selections, in the same way, from the storehouse of the past, but they attempt to achieve a similarity of result by quite other means. They seek to arrive at a comprehension of the abstract æsthetic qualities which have aroused their admiration, at the principles behind the technique, at the spirit behind the artists' approach. When they have grasped these fundamentals they set to work to apply them to the problem of art as it is presented to their own age in general and to their individual personalities in particular.

This has been the attitude to the past of all modern masters from Rubens to our own day, and it is an attitude which drives the artists to exploration and adventure. At the Grosvenor Gallery there are three experimental traditional artists: John Sargent, Augustus John, and Gerald Brockhurst. A comparison of their work with the pictures at the Independent Gallery in Grafton Street makes it clear that the impulse to adventure has not driven them very far afield. But, within a few miles' radius, as it were, of the National Gallery, they have made real use of the achievements of the past. Mr. Sargent is represented by his portrait of Mrs. Leopold Hirsch, painted, presumably, some fifteen years ago. The painting of the pink and silver dress is a conscious challenge to Velasquez, but it is not an imitation of Velasquez. Mr. Sargent's problem as a portrait painter was to master the secret of Van Dyck and Velasquez's ability to make a fashionable portrait at once a social and a personal record and a unified, coherent, and dignified painting; and he had to adapt this secret, when found, to his own special talents as a painter and his own special outlook as a man. No one before this portrait can deny that it dominates the exhibition with the peculiar dignity of Mr. Sargent's favorite old masters, and it is difficult to believe that fifteen years ago the artist was considered a wild revolutionary bent on destroying the traditions of fine painting.

Mr. Augustus John, who is temperamentally most akin to Rubens, set himself the problem of adapting the Florentine High Renaissance to Chelsea and the Café Royal, just as Rubens had set himself the problem of adapting the Venetian and Roman High Renaissance to Flanders. There are a few drawings in this exhibition which recall—somewhat faintly—Mr. John's achievements in this field, and two others where the relation to Rubens is apparent—a "Portrait of a Young Girl" drawn, we imagine, before his Florentine period, and a portrait of a young man dated 1921, where the artist seems to have once more given his native genius full play with admirable results. Mr. John's drawings dominate the room in which they hang,

because, like Mr. Sargent, he has wrested a secret from tradition and applied it to his own purposes. Mr. Brockhurst is also influenced by the Italian Renaissance artists, notably Leonardo, whom he reaches through the immediate influence of Mr. John. But the tradition to which he has responded still more intimately is the realistic miniature tradition of the early Flemish masters; it is the art of Jan Van Eyck and Robert Campin that he has sought to understand, and he has so far succeeded that his pictures put nine-tenths of the Grosvenor Gallery's Exhibition to shame. The appearance of his work with the black underpainting (or is it an elaborately shaded pencil drawing?) working through thin layers of paint is rather lifeless and gloomy; the spectator feels as though he were looking at the pictures through black glasses. But the spirit of the artist, the relentless determination to arrive at an absolutely final comprehension of the specific form selected for study, compels our respect and admiration. In the rest of the exhibition the imitative traditionalists reign supreme. R. H. W.

Forthcoming Meetings.

- Feb.
- Sat. 26. Royal Institution, 3.—"Celestial Spectroscopy," Mr. A. Fowler.
- Mon. 28. Devonshire House, 136, Bishopsgate, 1.20.—"The Futility of War as a Means of Advancement." King's College, 5.30.—"Why Men Believe: Belief and Authority," Prof. C. F. Rogers.
- Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"Applications of Catalysis to Industrial Chemistry," Lecture III., Dr. E. K. Rideal. (Cantor Lectures.)
- March
- Tues. 1. Royal Institution, 3.—"Darwin's Theory of Man's Origin," Lecture II., Prof. A. Keith.
- School of Economics, Clare Market, 5.—"The Social Effects of a Fluctuating Standard," Lecture III., Mr. J. M. Keynes.
- King's College, 5.30.—"Curia Regis and Kingship: The Administrative System of the Angevin Period," Prof. W. A. Morris.
- Sociological (65, Belgrave Road, S.W.), 8.15.—"Sociology and Progress," Mr. Christopher Dawson.
- Wed. 2. University College, 3.—"The Paradiso," Lecture II., Prof. E. G. Gardner. (Barlow Lectures.)
- Royal Archaeological Institute, 4.30.—"The Stallwork of Bristol Cathedral Church," Miss M. P. Perry.
- School of Oriental Studies, Finsbury Circus, 5.—"The Portuguese in India," Sir E. Denison Ross.
- University College, 5.—"The History of Plant Delineation in the Ancient Empires," Lecture I., Dr. C. Singer.
- King's College, 5.15.—"Problems of Modern Science: Botany," Dr. R. Ruggles Gates.
- University College, 5.30.—"Henrik Ibsen," Lecture V., Mr. I. C. Gröndahl.
- Child-Study Society (90, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.), 6.—"The Value of the Drama in the Training of the Child's Emotions," Miss M. C. Buysman.
- Industrial League (Caxton Hall, Westminster), 7.30.—"Scientific Management as a Factor in Production," Mr. A. R. Stelling.
- Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"The Re-Education of the Disabled," Capt. J. Manclark Hollis.
- Thurs. 3. Royal Institution, 3.—"Mason Wasps," Lecture II., Mr. F. Balfour Browne.
- Royal Society, 4.30.—Discussion on Isotopes, opened by Sir J. J. Thomson.
- King's College, 5.—"Polish Literature," Lecture I., Mr. L. C. Wharton.
- School of Oriental Studies, Finsbury Circus, 5.—"Among the Head-hunters of Formosa," Mr. W. M. McGovern.
- King's College, 5.30.—"The Lady Musician in Church," Mr. H. C. Colles.
- Steinway Hall, 5.30.—"The Collecting of Old Prints," Mr. A. M. Hind.
- University College, 6.30.—"Some East Roman Cities: Ravenna," Mr. Norman H. Baynes.
- University College, 5.30.—"The Dramatis Personæ of the Divina Commedia: Historical Portraits," Lecture I., Mr. H. E. Goad.
- University College, 5.30.—"Adoption," Prof. J. E. G. de Montmorency.
- Fri. 4. King's College, 5.30.—"Contemporary Russia: Bolshevik Government," Sir Bernard Pares.
- University College, 5.30.—"The British Museum in War-time," Sir F. Kenyon.
- Royal Institution, 9.—"Severn Crossings and Tidal Power," Mr. W. A. Tait.

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